

WHERE
PARIS
DINES



JULIAN
STREET

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WHERE PARIS DINES

BOOKS BY
JULIAN STREET

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MAXIM'S MENU

WHERE PARIS DINES

WITH INFORMATION ABOUT RESTAURANTS
OF ALL KINDS, COSTLY AND CHEAP,
DIGNIFIED AND GAY, KNOWN AND LITTLE
KNOWN: AND HOW TO ENJOY THEM

BY JULIAN STREET



TOGETHER WITH A DISCUSSION OF
FRENCH WINES AND A TABLE OF VINTAGES
BY A DISTINGUISHED *AMATEUR*

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TO
JAMES BROWN MABON

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*L'homme mange,
L'homme d'esprit sait manger.*

—BRILLAT-SAVARIN



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WHERE PARIS DINES



INTRODUCTORY

THERE exists, of course, no scientific method of measuring the quality of an eating place. It should be understood, therefore, that the grouping of restaurants herein is purely arbitrary, and that the grading indicated represents nothing more than the opinion of one man.

In selecting restaurants for mention, and in appraising them, I have kept in mind six cardinal considerations, namely, cooking, cellars, service, setting, prices, and tradition; and I hope that visitors in Paris may find some added merit in my book by reason of the fact that my viewpoint is not that of a Frenchman but of an outlander—an appreciative and grateful outlander whose purpose it is to assist other outlanders to enjoy themselves in the French capital. I have accepted no favours of restaurateurs and have endeavoured, by concealing the nature of my business (at least until after my opinions have been formed), to guard against the making of special efforts on my behalf. I see, in short, no reason why the reader, if he go about the matter wisely, cannot enjoy the restaurants mentioned in the following pages as I have enjoyed them.

Hotel restaurants I am not including, as they do not represent what I consider typical of Paris restaurant life. This is not to say, however, that excellent food and wines may not be found in many a hotel. To dine at the elegant Meurice is always a charming experience; the Ritz on a gala night makes a diverting spectacle, and in the grill-room of the Hôtel Chatham one may, as of old, select a fine steak or chop and have it cooked to order.

Recognizing the tendency of guests to go out to restaurants rather than to use hotel dining rooms, some Parisian hôteliers have lately adopted the trick of trying to give their restaurants the air of being separate establishments. Thus a certain hotel on the Avenue des Champs Élysées calls its restaurant the "Café Anglais," taking in vain the name of the famous Boulevard establishment of long ago, while a new hotel not far from the Madeleine calls its restaurant "Viel's," for no better reason than that the actual Restaurant Viel, now extinct, used to stand on approximately the same site.

The eating places of Paris will delight the visitor from the United States and Great Britain in exact ratio to the subtlety of his palate, the strength of his digestion, and his ability to discard, for the time, the alimentary traditions of his homeland and accept the ways of France. Let us patriotically affirm that Britannia Rules the Wave and that the United States excels in plumbing fixtures, heating plants, skyscraper construction, telephone service, and the standardized quick lunch. And having made that declaration let us admit that France excels in cooking.

Curiously enough, however, the staff of a fine Parisian restaurant would not function to the best advantage if transported to New York. Many years ago I discussed this point with old Flammang, since dead, who made the best ice cream in Paris, and whose son continues the paternal tradition at the little pastry shop at No. 6 Rue de Valois, beside the Palais Royal. Flammang was chef to the present King of England when he was Duke of York, and having also practised his art in fashionable clubs and restaurants in the United States, had an international point of view.

"A Frenchman," he said, "is not irritated by slow service if each dish is palatable when it arrives. He must have everything cooked to order regardless of the time it takes, and that is one essential reason why his food is good.

"Americans are always in a hurry and always eat too fast. Sitting down to table they look at their watches and say to the waiter, 'Quick, I have only half an hour!' He brings them food, running. They throw it into their mouths as one throws clothes into a laundry bag. When the first course is finished the next must be upon the table. If it is not, they call for the head waiter. 'What is the matter?' they demand. 'I arrived at three minutes past twelve and it is now twenty-one minutes past. Eighteen minutes, yet where is my chop with green peas and mashed potatoes? The service here is terrible—terrible!'

"And for that," Flammang continued, "what must those good chefs do when they go to your United States?

They must begin to cook two or three hours in advance, and the food must stand in large quantities, becoming dry and without flavour. Yes, but it is ready—that is the great thing. Quick, quick!”

The visitor who would dine well in France will find it advantageous to keep certain rules in mind.

He should not try to dine elaborately when going afterwards to the theatre; nor should he expect his food to remain hot if he forsakes it in favour of the dancing floor. A fine dinner should be a ceremony, an evening's entertainment, and while there are exceptions, the best meals are not generally to be had in restaurants where there is dancing.

To obtain a distinguished dinner one should go in advance to the restaurant of one's choice, consult the proprietor or the head waiter, select one's dishes, and then obtain the advice of the wine waiter. Sometimes, in restaurants famous for their cellars, the wines are selected first, the meal being arranged to conform, but that, as a wag has remarked, is putting the *carte (des vins)* before the *hors (d'œuvres)*. Particularly in winter it is desirable to order ahead, since red wines should not be served immediately on being brought from a cold cellar, but should stand for two hours in the dining room to attain the proper temperature.

In selecting wines the reader will find the table of vintages on page 255 extremely valuable—more valuable, perhaps, than the advice of any but the most reliable *sommeliers*—but the harmonizing of certain types of

wine with certain dishes is an art which can be learned only by experience, and the way to begin learning is to ask advice and make experiments.

Competent advice may easily be had at any Parisian restaurant worthy of consideration. The typical French restaurant-keeper is the most charming of hosts, and if you let him understand that you are interested and require help he will take the greatest pains to give you of his best. Even at the simplest little restaurants one can often get amazing dinners if one will take the pains to talk with the proprietor a day ahead, putting him on his mettle and allowing him time for special marketing.

Never ask members of your party to order for themselves. A scattering of varied orders disorganizes the kitchen and the service, and destroys the suavity of the meal. Let the same courses be served to all, as you would if you were entertaining in your own home.

A knowledge of French will be found convenient but is by no means necessary. In all the leading restaurants, and in many lesser ones, English is spoken by the waiters, and even in the obscurest establishments an English-speaking individual may usually be found.

Among the notable gourmets of the city are many Americans and many Englishmen; nevertheless, it must be admitted that citizens of these two nations at their gastronomic worst are often guilty of astonishing barbarities. At Foyot's I once saw a family of my fellow-countrymen who had evidently gone there to sample the restaurant's famous duck cooked with oranges. These worthy folk should never have been sent to a place as

fine as Foyot's, for they were, it developed, prohibitionists, and a prohibitionist must, in the very nature of things, lack certain high appreciations. At all events, instead of drinking Burgundy, or mere water, with their duck, they ordered—chocolate!

Duck, oranges, and chocolate—could any more revolting combination be devised? Bravely and politely the waiters performed their duties, but when an old Frenchman, dining opposite, discovered what was going on, he rose in horror and moved to a table at the farthest corner of the room.

Some of my friends among the gourmets do not approve of my writing such a book as this. It will spoil a lot of restaurants, they say. And it is true that restaurants are sometimes spoiled by becoming too well known.

In 1911 I wrote for a popular magazine an article called "Paris à la Carte" (later issued under the same title as a book) in which I described a score of eating places. One of these, and to me the most charming of them all, was situated in the Place Calvaire, a tiny square just off the Place du Tertre, at the very summit of Montmartre. Aside from its excellent cooking, its low prices, and its picturesque clients—artists, actors, journalists, and the like, with their feminine companions—the Restaurant du Coucou had a delightful setting, for it occupied an ancient ramshackle house perched like a bird's nest far above the teeming city, and I never went there without feeling that I was living in the fifth act of Carpentier's *Louise*.

By day the little square slept, but at twilight activity began, for then the children of the restaurant-keeper carried out small tables and rush-bottom chairs and placed them in the open space before the door. As darkness fell the children would bring little lamps and put them on the tables, and presently clients would arrive to dine by these dim glowworm lights, the children waiting on them. The meal with wine would cost but four or five francs—the equivalent, in the old coinage, of eighty cents or a dollar—and the bill was chalked upon a slate.

Realizing that an inundation of strangers would spoil the place, and thinking to discourage all but the most zealous and deserving restaurant-hunters, I did not publish the address, but merely indicated the location in a hazy way. This subterfuge, however, had exactly the opposite effect from what I had intended. Three liners sailing from New York with full cabins just after my article appeared, arrived in France on the same day, and apparently every passenger had read the article and set his heart on dining at the Restaurant du Coucou on the night of his arrival.

A Parisian friend of mine chanced to be going there that evening, and through him I learned what happened. The Rue Lepic was so crowded with cabs that he supposed a fête must be in progress at the summit of the hill, and the Place du Tertre (which was not then the silly show place it has since become) was packed with taxis and fiacres. Through a mob of Americans he pushed his way to the door of the Coucou, where he found Vincent, the proprietor, distracted and in tears. Why or how the thing

had happened Vincent did not know. He knew only that there had suddenly appeared this avalanche of strangers wanting dinner. The crowd blocked the doorways and interfered with service. The food was exhausted. Regular patrons of the restaurant were angry. There had been a little riot in which tables were overturned. Yet here came more strangers, and still more. "I am ruined!" Vincent wailed.

Within a few days, however, he perceived that he was not ruined. True, his old clients ceased to dine at the Coucou, but Americans continued to arrive in hordes. Someone showed him my article, and soon there appeared upon an outer wall of his house a huge sign announcing, in English, that here was the famous Restaurant du Coucou so justly praised by Julian Street.

Exit atmosphere, enter prosperity! Prices at the Coucou mounted, and four years later Vincent sold out and retired to his native town in Italy. His successor, Madame Bonetti, continued at the Coucou for a dozen years, and Americans kept coming; but the character of the place had changed, and finally in 1924 it was sold again, this time to Monsieur Louis Vignon, formerly a cook at Prunier's, the Café Laurent, and the Cercle Interallié. Vignon is a good cook, and Madame Vignon a delightful hostess, but the great ballyhoo of the Place du Tertre, which has become a sort of "artistic" Coney Island, has destroyed the old atmosphere, and I suppose the truth is that I am in some part to blame.

However, I have learned my lesson.

Instead of dealing with a mere score of restaurants as

I did in my article and book of long ago, I treat of them here in quantity, thus bringing into play the "safety in numbers" principle; and I blazon forth the address of every place I mention, so that he who reads may run. Thus I hope to convince my friends among the serious eaters by the Seine that it is possible to write about the restaurants and yet avoid a repetition of the Coucou tragedy.

And now a final word.

The gathering of information for these pages has yielded me huge dividends in pleasure, and in the writing, far away from Paris, I have found a wistful kind of solace—for, thinking continually of that most exquisite of cities, I have felt the nearer to it.

This book, then, is a labour of love. May it fall only into sympathetic hands.

J. S.



RESTAURANT HISTORY AND
ANECDOTE



CHAPTER I

RESTAURANT HISTORY AND ANECDOTE

IN THE year 1803, when Napoleon was First Consul, Monsieur Alexandre Balthasar Laurent Grimod de la Reynière, a clever and talented man who had inherited a large fortune and a pair of deformed arms, published, as a result of what he called his gastronomic promenades in Paris, the first issue of his *Almanach des Gourmands*, a work no less famous in the annals of the table than Brillat-Savarin's *Physiologie du Goût*, which appeared in 1825. Persons interested in the lore of good cheer will find these two writers well worth reading, for both are shrewd and witty, and they give a lively picture of the customs of their times.

Grimod de la Reynière was the son of a Farmer-General, a man of wealth who narrowly escaped the guillotine, beneath the blade of which perished more than a score of his associate Farmers-General. Nor were the apprehensions of the elder De la Reynière assuaged by the fact that the dread instrument was set up in what

is now the Place de la Concorde, within view of the front windows of the family mansion at No. 1 Rue Boissy d'Anglas—a residence occupied from 1812 to 1815 by the Duke of Wellington and bought in 1928 by the American government as a site for its new embassy.

The fine taste in eating which was to immortalize the name of the Farmer-General's son was developed during the reign of Louis XVI when, because of lampoons he had written, the young man was for a time shut up under *lettre de cachet* in a monastery near Nancy. The monks, who were great gourmets, fed him nobly; on his return to Paris in 1796 he fell in love with an actress, and we are told that when she rejected him because she considered him, at the age of thirty-nine, too old, "he fell out of love with love, and in love with gastronomy." Thanks, then, to this heartless lady, the *Almanach des Gourmands* first appeared.

For some years the work was issued as an annual, but there was too much acid in the ink that Grimod used; his comments on an establishment of which he did not approve became so biting that he was sued for libel, and the costs of action were so heavy that the author found himself, in 1812, less rich in money than in culinary lore, and further publication was abandoned.

Literature has always loved gastronomy, and in France the literature of good cheer began, as might have been expected, almost with the invention of the printing press. The history of French letters and French art, to say nothing of French politics, is inextricably involved with the history of restaurants and cafés. The French Revolution

was fomented in cafés, café life played an important part in all the vicissitudes that followed, becoming particularly lively under the Second Empire, and when in 1889 the security of the Republic was last threatened from within, it was to a restaurant that the mob went to find General Boulanger, the popular militarist idol whom they intended to make king.

That restaurant, Durand's, which stood in the Place de la Madeleine on the corner now occupied by the tourist agency of Thomas Cook & Son, closed in 1911, after a career that lasted more than sixty years, the foundations of the building having been undermined by the overflowing of the Seine. As for Boulanger, it will be remembered that he fled to Brussels, where two years later he committed suicide on the grave of his mistress.

Earlier and more successful revolutionists haunted the Café Procope, the first café to exist in Paris.

In the year 1675, François Procope, a Sicilian, hit upon the idea of serving to the public an Oriental beverage, then new in France, called coffee. His first café was in the Rue de Tournon, not very far from the present Restaurant Foyot, but after ten years he moved to the building, still preserved, at No. 13 Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, opposite No. 14, where the Comédie Française had just been started. This café was a haunt of D'Alembert, Diderot, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Voltaire. Later it was the resort of leading revolutionists: Mirabeau, Marat, Danton, Desmoulins, Robespierre, and the rest; the red liberty cap is said to have made its first appearance

there, and from there went forth the word to storm the Tuileries. The Café Procope also knew Bonaparte as a young officer, and in more peaceful times, such literary figures as Balzac, Gautier, Dumas, De Musset, George Sand, Lamartine, Verlaine, Anatole France, and Oscar Wilde. When last I visited the place I found it occupied by a cheap vegetarian restaurant in which Voltaire's table, marked by a brass plate, was used as if it had no history.

in the
In the arcades of the Palais Royal the history of restaurants and cafés stalks ghostlike, hand in hand with the history of revolution. The Café Corazza, which once occupied Nos. 7 to 12 Galerie Montpensier, was a rendez-vous of the Jacobins and was later frequented by Bonaparte; at Nos. 57 to 60 was the Café Foy before which Camille Desmoulins delivered the harangue (commemorated by a spirited bronze statue in the Garden) that led to the storming of the Bastille; and it is interesting to note that at 121 Galerie de Valois, a few doors from the shop in which Charlotte Corday bought her knife on the morning of Marat's murder, there existed long ago a "Café Mécanique," ancestor of those restaurants known in America as "Automats."

The Boulevards, too, are rich in restaurant and café history.

Long ago there stood at the corner of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Rue Taitbout a Café de Paris from which the present Café de Paris, in the Avenue de

l'Opéra is, I suppose, in some sort descended. The ancient Café de Paris was one of a group of world-renowned eating-places gathered within an amazingly narrow radius. Across the street was Tortoni's, famed, like Florian's at Venice, for its ices; at No. 13 Boulevard des Italiens was the Café Anglais; at No. 16 the Café Riche (founded 1825); and at No. 20 the Maison d'Or, sometimes called the Maison Dorée. Also near at hand was the Café Hardy, the name of which, in conjunction with that of one of its neighbours, induced the oft-quoted witticism, "One must be hardy to dine *chez* Riche, and *riche* to dine *chez* Hardy."

The reputation of the old Café de Paris was in its day world wide. Lord Palmerston approved the restraint of its decorations, and in *Vanity Fair* Thackeray mentioned it as the scene of the gambling row between Becky Sharp and her husband and the O'Dowds—thereby committing an anachronism, since the café did not open until 1822, or about seven years after Wellington's troops left Paris.

In the great days when Dumas père, Balzac, Baudelaire, Eugène Sué, and Alfred de Musset walked the boulevards, they often lunched at Tortoni's, and in the evening mingled at the old Café de Paris with leading figures of the financial, social, journalistic, and half worlds, just as, during the last third of the century, leading representatives of the same classes met at the Café Anglais.

Like a fine orchestra, a fine restaurant is an organization of specialists working under a gifted leader. Not only in Paris, but everywhere, it takes a personality to make a

restaurant successful, and thus it frequently happens that when a famous restaurateur dies or retires, the business he so carefully built up suffers a swift decline. In France, however, more than elsewhere, the business of running a restaurant is frequently a family concern; in small-eating places the husband is often chef, while the wife, enthroned behind the lofty *caisse*, looks after the accounts; in many cases sons and nephews are attached to the establishment, and thus it sometimes happens that famous restaurants continue through several generations.

Great chefs are born, not made, and many a great chef—perhaps most of them—has begun humbly and has had to be “discovered.” Édouard Fournier, in his *Promenade Historique dans Paris*, tells of the discovery of the Café Anglais in the year 1800 by some gay young men who stumbled into the place late at night, were astonished by the productions of the chef, and soon transformed it from a humble cabaret into a popular eating-place. It was not, however, until after the middle of the century that the restaurant attained its highest fame, becoming a resort of kings. Legend tells of a dinner served by the celebrated chef Dugléré, in the private dining room called the *Grand-Seize*, at which were present the King and the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Czar Alexander of Russia, the Czarewitch and Bismarck. “There,” said *La Vie Parisienne*, “is a page of history!”

In his sprightly volume *Les Belles Nuits de Paris* Jules Bertaut tells of a party held many years ago in the *Grand-Seize* (so called because it seated sixteen persons), at which the Duc de Gramont was host and the guest of

honour was a royal prince then visiting in Paris. Among others invited by De Gramont was La Barucci, a famous demi-mondaine of the era. With royal punctuality, Bertaut tells us, the Prince arrived, but much to the host's embarrassment the beautiful Barucci was an hour late.

"Monseigneur," said De Gramont to his august guest, "allow me to present the most inexact woman in all France."

He had no sooner uttered this gentle reproof than he repented his words, for La Barucci, exquisite in a gauze evening dress, gave him an angry look, turned around, and with a gesture infinitely expressive flipped her light skirts into the air, contemptuously presenting her posterior to the Duke, the Prince, and the assembled company. The Prince, Bertaut tells us, was much amused; he countered with a witty remark, and thereafter he and La Barucci were great friends.

It is doubtful if any king who came to Paris during the great days of the *Café Anglais* failed to patronize the place. Edward VII often dined there, especially when he was Prince of Wales. His usual stopping place in Paris was the old Hotel Bristol which occupied the building at Nos. 3 and 5, Place Vendôme, now the Paris office of the Bankers Trust Company of New York, and it is interesting to note that officials of the company now have their private offices in the handsome panelled rooms on the second floor which formerly composed the royal suite.

France not only honours her great eaters and purveyors, while they live but remembers them long after they are

dead. The skilful composition of an omelette may be sufficient to make a name famous throughout the land, as was the case with Mère Poulard, who for so many years wielded her long-handled pan over the embers in her stone fireplace at Mont Saint-Michel. Mère Poulard's name, surviving in the titles of several hotels in the little village on the rock, will be remembered, along with her accomplishments, centuries hence, as well also the name of Monsieur Marguery, that charming host of the old school, whose restaurant on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle in Paris continues, and whose sole goes marching on. In Strasbourg stands a monument, erected by public subscription, to Close, the inventor of pâté de foie-gras; in Vimoutiers, Normandy, is a like monument to Madame Harel, born there in 1761, discoverer of the system by which Camembert cheese is made; and in his native village of Belley, in southern France, has lately been erected a statue of Brillat-Savarin. For many years certain members of the French Institute have advocated the election of a great cook to that distinguished organization, and though this has not yet come to pass, two great chefs, Messieurs Escoffier and Montagné, wear at their lapels the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, the former having received the decoration for promoting the French cuisine in foreign lands, and the latter having received it as a "master cook." At the Autumn Salon of 1927 the art of cooking was officially recognized along with painting and sculpture as one of the Fine Arts, and famous chefs came with their kitchen staffs from all parts of

France, each taking command for one day of the kitchen of the Salon restaurant.

Furthermore, there exist in Paris associations of gourmets, such as the Club des Cent, the Paris Cent, the Verre de Vin, and the Royal Gastronomical Society, or "Trough," members of which make it their business to search obscure corners of the city for small restaurants in which the cooking is fine; and it may be added that these gentlemen, far from broadcasting the glad tidings of a new discovery, jealously guard the secret among themselves, evidently believing in the proverb that a good restaurant should be unknown. But the restaurateurs thus discovered do not share the lust for secrecy, and frequently they will inform an interested guest that they are listed in the Golden Book of one or another organization.

During the century that followed the demise of Grimod de la Reynière's *Almanach des Gourmands* efforts were made at intervals to revive it, and in one such enterprise Alexandre Dumas the elder, himself an accomplished cook and a great eater, took part. The last issue was published by a group of literary men in 1904, one hundred and one years after the appearance of Grimod's original work, and already most of the contributors have been gathered to their fathers, leaving to other hands the task of upholding the banner of the French cuisine.

And now, having volunteered for this hazardous service, I cannot do better as I salute and step forward from the ranks than to quote old Grimod, who in the

first edition of his famous gastronomic discourse wrote these brave words:

THE AUTHOR WILL REGRET NEITHER THE CARES NOR THE INDIGESTIONS HIS RESEARCHES HAVE CAUSED HIM IF THE ALIMENTARY ART OWES NEW PROGRESS TO THIS EFFORT.



REGULAR RESTAURANTS

SIX RESTAURANTS BEYOND COMPARE
EIGHTEEN DISTINGUISHED RESTAURANTS
THIRTY-SIX VERY GOOD ONES, AND
FIFTY-ONE OTHERS, MANY OF THEM GOOD



SIX RESTAURANTS BEYOND
COMPARE



CHAPTER II

GROUP ONE: SIX RESTAURANTS BEYOND COMPARE

THE six restaurants listed in this category represent in my opinion, and in that of many gourmets, the best Paris has to offer. All are costly, yet all give the guests full value for whatever he pays. They are what the French term "serious" restaurants: restaurants in which the accent falls entirely upon cooking, cellars, and service, in contradistinction to establishments (listed under a separate heading) in which elaborate decorations, jazz, dancing, or other entertainment figure as part of the attraction. In one of them a small string orchestra plays at the dinner hour; in the others there is silence.

Four of the six enjoy long established reputations, one of them (founded 1582) being probably the oldest restaurant in the city, while two others are well past the century mark in age. Among them may be found the most distinguished cellars Paris contains.

Eight or eight-thirty is a good hour at which to dine at any of these places. Evening dress should be worn but is not absolutely necessary. It is well, though not essential, to reserve a table and order dinner and wines in advance

and, having done so, to arrive punctually at the appointed hour.

LARUE

27 Rue Royale

HAVING considered carefully the questions of where to begin my gastronomic promenade, I have selected Larue's for old memory's sake, and also because, in a sense, Paris itself begins there, at the head of the Grand Boulevards which swing away from Larue's corner, in the Place de la Madeleine, forming a mighty arc that encloses in its sweep four arrondissements, or wards, among them the First, which is the richest, and the Fourth, which is the oldest.

As Parisian restaurants go Larue's is not very old, nor, under the original proprietor, whose name it still bears, did it rise to any great distinction. Distinction did not come until it was bought, in 1908, by Monsieur Édouard Nignon, a famous chef graduated from the kitchens of such renowned establishments as the Maison d'Or, the Café Anglais, Paillard's, and the Café de la Paix.

If you knew Larue's twenty-five years ago you know it to-day. The interior, with its white and gold panels, its mirrors—not too many of them—and its chairs and *banquettes* upholstered in rose-coloured velvet, retains entirely the character it had in the times when women wore long skirts and picture hats and did not carry lipsticks. Though the terms seem to contradict each other, Larue's is stylish and at the same time a little bit old-fashioned. It does not look like the dining room of a great hotel, nor like certain other restaurants *de grand luxe*

where, though cooking and service are good, so many Americans go primarily to see and to be seen.

Here, as at most restaurants in Paris, prices on the luncheon menu are lower than at dinner. Also there is a "right" side and a "wrong" side on which to sit. There seems to be no reason for this, but the tradition has existed a long time, and at busy hours one is likely to encounter, just inside the door, the maître d'hôtel and two or three of his assistants who, deftly and with an air of great respect, direct incoming strangers to move to the right—which, from the point of view of knowing clients, lands them on the wrong side of the room.

A few years ago Monsieur Nignon retired from the active direction of Larue's, leaving the management to his pupil and nephew, Monsieur Duplat. To be sure the old proprietor occasionally visits Paris, and when he does so he goes to Larue's and looks things over; but having passed the age of seventy he prefers to live at his country place near Rennes, in Brittany, where he experiments with cooking and writes on culinary topics. Two of his works, *Les Plaisirs de la Table* and *L'Heptaméron des Gourmets*, will be shown to visitors upon request. The latter volume is dedicated to Marcel Nignon, Monsieur Nignon's only son, who was killed on the Somme at the beginning of the Great War.

Monsieur Nignon was in his younger days chef to a Russian nobleman, and while in Russia became adept in the cuisine of that country. On acquiring the Restaurant Larue he introduced Paris to sundry Russian dishes,

among them the delicious soup called bortsch, and quail à la Souvaroff. In the game season woodcock flambée is a specialty, and crêpes Suzette (thin pancakes cooked in flaming orange liqueur) are here prepared in an admirable manner.

FOYOT

33 Rue de Tournon

THE Left Bank of the Seine has fewer restaurants de luxe than the Right Bank, but it is rich in restaurants and cafés having associations with the distant past, and among those none is more charming, or more expensive, than Foyot's.

When asked to name my favourite Parisian restaurant I have to refuse, for I have no single favourite, but Foyot's is one of two or three I always think of first. Its charm is difficult to describe. It is quiet, dignified, restrained; the lighting is low and agreeable, the carpets seem softer than in other places, one does not hear the waiters move about, and there is never a clatter of silverware and dishes. It is not an ostentatious place and puts on no airs, yet to me it is the very embodiment of refinement and distinction, and I never feel in better humour with my surroundings or with myself than when I dine at one of Foyot's tables.

Naturally the cuisine and service are perfection, and the cellars are of the best, for Foyot's is to the Senate what Larue's is to the Chamber of Deputies, and French Senators eat well and have not the same views on alco-

holic beverages as are expressed, though not always lived up to, by so many Senators of a certain sister Republic, far away.

The Senate sits in the Luxembourg Palace, which stands in the Luxembourg Gardens, just across the street from Foyot's, and history records an older association between the palace and the restaurant. In the year 1777, when Louis XV was on the throne, and Marie Antoinette was wife of that ill-fated Dauphin who was later to become Louis XVI, the Luxembourg Palace was the residence of the young pair. Married as a child, Marie Antoinette was in these early years frivolous, and while history makes no serious charges against her character, it is recorded that her mother, Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, was greatly disturbed by rumours of her childish follies. Anxious to learn what truth was in these rumours, and to furnish guidance to her daughter, the Austrian Empress dispatched to Paris her son Prince Joseph, brother of Marie Antoinette.

The hotel and restaurant now called Foyot's had then existed for less than a decade, having been established in 1768 in a building which for more than a century before that time had been a private residence. Thither repaired the Austrian prince destined later to become the Emperor Joseph II. Whether he himself lived for any considerable period at the hotel is doubtful; nevertheless, it was his headquarters, his suite resided there, and for many years afterwards the place was known as the Hôtel Joseph II. The present name came later when, in 1848,

Foyot, a chef of Louis Philippe, took over the establishment.

Some thirty years ago Foyot's was the scene of a tragic-comedy that kept all Paris laughing for a week. An anarchist had thrown a bomb in the restaurant of the Hôtel Terminus, near the Gare St. Lazare, injuring a number of persons, and Monsieur Laurent Tailhade, an editorial writer on a radical newspaper, had shocked the city with a cynical leader in which he excused the bomb-thrower on pseudo-æsthetical grounds. Each paragraph of this clever bit of sophistry ended with a phrase demanding in effect: "What does it matter if a few rich persons are bombed *si le geste est beau?*"

One evening not long after the publication of this editorial, Monsieur Tailhade was dining in the Poets' Corner at Foyot's (one observes that radicals often dine expensively) when by an absurd coincidence another anarchist came along with another bomb which he threw into Foyot's window. Some people say he saw Tailhade and mistook him for a senator, others maintain that it was merely chance. At all events, the missile exploded in the dining room, and Tailhade was severely injured.

It was the sort of thing that happens only in Paris. Every one remembered Tailhade's cruel editorial and was delighted with the justice of the retribution. No man ever received less sympathy than he did while, in the hospital, pieces of the bomb were being extracted from his body. "What does it matter," chorused the Parisian press with bitter irony, "*si le geste est beau?*"

Among dishes for which this restaurant is famous are lobster Foyot, duck cooked with oranges, woodcock in season, and crêpes Suzette:

Foyot's is situated in a district rich in history. The Café Procope, first café in Paris (see preceding chapter), was founded in the Rue de Tournon in 1675, and moved ten years later to the house still remaining at No. 13 Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, opposite the original building of the Comédie Française, at No. 14. In 1912, at No. 48 Rue de Vaugirard, Massenet died; Flaubert once lived at No. 20 Rue de l'Odéon; in 1773, at No. 26 Rue de Condé, Beaumarchais wrote *The Barber of Seville*; and in 1792, at No. 19 Rue de Tournon, died John Paul Jones, described by De Rochegude as *le corsaire américain*, whose ashes, recovered not many years ago, now lie in the crypt of the chapel at Annapolis.

TOUR D'ARGENT

15 Quai de la Tournelle, corner Rue Cardinal Lemoine

ANOTHER famous restaurant on the Left Bank of the Seine is the Tour d'Argent, which lays claim to being the oldest eating-place in Paris, an inn of this name having been opened on the present site in 1582, less than four-score years after the death of Christopher Columbus.

When I first knew the Tour d'Argent it was a plain place with a wooden floor covered with sawdust, but it was none the less a temple of gastronomy, for it was presided over by old Frédéric Delair, who, with his high bald forehead, his steel-rimmed spectacles, and his whiskers, resembled Ibsen or Thackeray, and who, like

Ibsen and Thackeray, was an artist, though in a different field.

Frédéric's fame grew principally out of the caneton pressé he used to serve, though other specialties, such as his bisque of crawfish, were almost as celebrated. For many years before his death, which occurred in 1910, when he was seventy, Frédéric was well known to countless American and English travellers who went to the Tour d'Argent not only to eat the famous pressed duck, but also to watch the ritual of preparation. Frédéric himself used always to perform the rites, and people at the tables put down knives and forks and stared, fascinated, as, with waiters grouped round him in devout attitudes, he deftly carved the bird, placed the carcass in the silver press, mixed the savoury brown sauce, and with it annointed the tender slices.

We are told that duck as a specialty was introduced at the Tour d'Argent by one Lecoq, a former Imperial chef, who was proprietor of the restaurant in the last days of Napoleon III, but the custom of numbering the ducks and giving each guest a card bearing the number of the duck of which he has partaken was introduced by Frédéric, and has been continued since by Monsieur André Terrail, the present proprietor. The numbers now run well above one hundred thousand.

In the reign of Henri II, when the Hostellerie de la Tour d'Argent was first established, it stood near the city wall. It is said that Henri III once stopped there for supper on his way home from hunting; that the fork, most useful of table tools, was there first introduced to Paris

as an improvement over fingers; that the chocolate served at the Tour d'Argent was so famous as to get itself mentioned in one of Madame de Sévigné's letters to her daughter; and that (perhaps because of the picturesqueness of its name) the hostelry was indicated by Dumas as the scene of certain adventures of his three musketeers.

At the time of the Revolution the restaurant was looted by the mob, and the ancient sign, showing a crenellated silver tower on a red field, was burned. When, with the coming of the Third Republic, the place was taken over by a brother of the famous restaurateur Paillard, Frédéric appeared on the scene as maître d'hôtel, and on Paillard's retirement the Tour d'Argent passed to him.

A few years after Frédéric's death Monsieur Terrail acquired the corner building, next door, and enlarged and modernized the premises. The old paintings of mediæval Paris by Callot, which were conspicuous on Frédéric's walls, are now set in handsome Eighteenth Century panelling, and it can hardly be denied that the present fashionable brightness of the place accords with fine cooking and fine wines; nevertheless, like some others who remember the old setting, I feel, when I dine at this modern Tour d'Argent, a faint nostalgia for the curious dingy charm that appealed to me so strongly on the evening, long ago, when Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson took me there for the first time, and all the world was young.

It is pleasant, however, to record the fact that the tradition of Frédéric is respectfully preserved. The dishes

he made famous are continued on the menu and are prepared with a skill he would approve. One may still taste the savoury soup named for Georges Cain, former director of the Musée Carnavalet and author of those works which, along with the writings of De Rochegude and Dumolin, are the source books to which all others who write of Old Paris must turn; still on the menu is the filet of sole named by Frédéric in honour of the Duc de Morny, who in the latter half of the last century was a client of the Tour d'Argent, the canapé Clarence Mackay, the croustade of salmon Jules Claretie, the filet of sole Loïe Fuller, the noisette de pré-salé Very (a memorial to the famous Restaurant Very of the Palais Royal, whose bulbous proprietress was sketched by Rowlandson in 1814), the tournedos that celebrate the name of E. V. Lucas, author of *A Wanderer in Paris*, the escalope de ris de veau James Gordon Bennett, the soufflé Lord Weardale, the poire Wanamaker, the pêche Anatole France, and the crêpes Rostand.

Monsieur Terrail's wife was Mademoiselle Burdel, daughter of Monsieur Burdel who was the last proprietor of the Café Anglais. When on the latter's death that glorious restaurant was closed, many of its choice wines were inherited by Madame Terrail and thus reached the cellars of the Tour d'Argent.

A visit to those cellars is a privilege and an education. I doubt that there exist anywhere liqueurs older than some of those preserved in a special museum department below stairs, and it is inspiring to wander through the

narrow stone passages and come upon bins in which repose such Burgundies as Romanée Conti 1870, Chambertin 1865, Volnay Chenes 1889, Romanée Saint Vivant 1898, and Grand Eschezeaux 1906; and such Bordeaux as Château Lafitte 1868, Château Margaux of the same year, Château Mouton Rothschild 1869, Château Branaire 1878, and Château Ausone 1899.

With the wines from the Café Anglais there came to the Restaurant de la Tour d'Argent other precious souvenirs. Twenty years ago I remember having seen in a cupboard at the Café Anglais a collection of fingerbowls each bearing the monogram and crown of a royal patron of the restaurant, and lately, in the large private dining room on the second floor of the Tour d'Argent, I came upon these same historic fingerbowls. But this time, as I looked at them, it was with a different feeling, for their historic value has immeasurably expanded, and there is not a little irony in the thought that each of these fragile vessels has endured beyond the monarch whose insignia it bears, and that most of them have outlived entire dynasties.

The restaurant is closed on Mondays.

MONTAGNÉ

5 Rue de l'Echelle

IN THE Rue de l'Echelle, at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré, behind a mellow front suggestive of other days, are two rooms, agreeably old-fashioned in appearance and by no means large, in which, according to the opin-

ion of some authorities, the *haute cuisine* of France reaches its perfection.

The sign over the door reading "Montagné, Traiteur," suggests an affectation of simplicity, for the latter word means merely "eating-house keeper," whereas Monsieur Prosper Montagné, proprietor of the establishment, is distinguished above all other chefs, having been awarded the Legion of Honour specifically for skill in cooking.

From the tone of its interior the Restaurant Montagné might have existed for a hundred years. On the walls are to be seen old prints, menus of famous restaurants of long ago, ancient copper cooking utensils, and shelves containing all manner of books on cooking, the history of cooking, restaurants, and the lore of the table. Yet with all its air of age Montagné's is comparatively new, having been founded in the year 1920.

The fame of Monsieur Montagné himself is, however, far from new. Some years before the war he was chef at the Grand Hotel in Paris, but he tells me that the legend which reports him as former chef to the Czar of Russia is unfounded. He retired from the Grand Hotel to write on alimentary topics, and to-day is recognized as perhaps the first authority on such subjects in the whole of France. His literary work began in 1889, and he is the author of eight or ten books and innumerable essays.

Entering the restaurant one sees the kitchen directly ahead, and if the proprietor is not at the moment busy over his stove he will advance in his white jacket and with a charming dignity greet incoming guests, his dark eyes,

sparkling behind his tortoise-rimmed spectacles, seeming to see in all aspects of life something just a trifle ludicrous.

Monsieur Montagné's menu is never large. Indeed, I believe it was he who introduced in Paris the practice, now followed by many restaurants, of offering a limited but well-selected menu, and giving attention to quality rather than to a show of extravagant variety.

In restaurants run on this basis it is particularly desirable to heed the advice of the maître d'hôtel, who of course knows which items on the menu are best—though at Montagné's every offering may be regarded as a specialty. His game pâtés I remember with particular affection, as I also do his desserts—a department in which, by the way, most French restaurants, even the best of them, are weak. I once had at Montagné's a strawberry mousse with cherry brandy over it which I still recall as the best dessert I ever tasted. And, ah, the Savarin au rhum!

The cellars are not perhaps as astonishing as those of some other restaurants in this group, but there are wines good enough for anyone. As the place is small it is particularly advisable to reserve a table in advance, and if one does not order early, the dish one particularly desires may be exhausted. The restaurant is closed during the month of August and on Mondays throughout the year.

JOSEPH

56 Rue Pierre Charron

THIS admirable establishment, occupying small but tasteful quarters at the corner of the Rue Pierre Charron and the Rue François Première, is not always rated in the first group of Parisian restaurants by French writers on the subject, though all give it high praise. For my part, however, I believe it fully worthy of the exalted company in which I have here placed it, and I shall be disappointed if the reader, having tried it, does not agree with me.

Joseph's is a newer and smaller restaurant than any other in this group excepting Montagné's. The softly lighted interior, with its gray-green panelling and pleasing chintz, has a dignified yet friendly atmosphere, but the thing that really makes the place is the proprietor, Monsieur Joseph Michat.

Joseph is a character. A Frenchman born, he talks American, and his manner is not the deferential manner of the typical French host, but is tinged with a kind of independence that seems a trifle star-spangled. For Joseph was trained at the old Café Martin, at Madison Square, the best restaurant New York ever had; at Sherry's, Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, the next-best restaurant New York ever had; he was a captain at the Hotel Plaza in New York when it opened, and at the Hotel La Salle in Chicago, and his bearing has been coloured by this background, giving his restaurant a flavour that is distinct yet difficult to define.

The place has likewise a somewhat special clientele,

consisting largely of prosperous members of the American colony in Paris—the Right Bank colony—and of knowing travellers from neighbouring hotels; and a glance at Joseph's Golden Book shows that among his well-known patrons from the land of Pep and Prohibition have been Hoover, Pershing, Colonel House, the Roosevelts, and many others.

The Restaurant Joseph is far from being an inexpensive place. The cellars, which I have had the privilege of visiting, are notable for their fine collection of old vintages, and the cuisine is of the highest order. Among specialties of the house may be mentioned Russian blinis, oysters Newburg, stewed oysters, oysters grilled with bacon, sole maison, sole à la Russe, filet of kidney flambé, chicken flambé, chicken à la king, capon à la Mandarin, capon Ottawa, duck with peaches, cherries, or oranges, pressed duck, grilled steak with sauce Joseph, crêpes Joseph, and soufflé Grand Marnier.

If you would taste a potage St. Germain (pea soup) such as most men never even dreamed of, telephone Joseph on the morning of the day you mean to dine there, for it takes some hours to make fresh pea soup in just that special way.

VOISIN

261 Rue St. Honoré

FOR more years than are covered by my memories of Paris, the Restaurant Voisin, at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré and Rue Cambon, has stood as an example of all that an ancient and aristocratic Parisian restaurant

should be. Established in 1813, in a building belonging to a convent, the grounds of which formerly occupied the entire neighbourhood, it has never moved from its location, and had, until 1926, changed hands but twice. In that year, however, Monsieur Braquessac, long and widely known as its proprietor, died at the age of eighty-two, and the restaurant has since been conducted by his nephew.

I had supposed that, almost from the beginning of its existence, Voisin's was a restaurant of the first order, but lately I have found an ancient Baedeker of Paris, and among the surprises it has given me is the discovery that in the year 1888 Voisin's was not rated—at least by Baedeker—a restaurant of strictly the first order. And neither, incidentally, were Foyot's, the Tour d'Argent, nor the Café de Paris.

It is interesting further to remark that of restaurants "starred" by Baedeker in that issue of his guide book the only one now prominent, and unless I am mistaken the only one now in existence, is the Restaurant Lapérouse, while six of the eating-places marked with Baedeker's familiar asterisk, denoting supreme excellence, were, in 1888, located in the galleries of the Palais Royal, where now there is not one restaurant of consequence.

However matters may have stood forty-odd years ago, there exists in Paris to-day no restaurant building more redolent than Voisin's of old times and old traditions. Its panelled rooms are distinguished by an air of the most extreme simplicity, its cuisine and cellars are

famous, so are its private dining rooms, and so are its high prices.

Legend has it that two sailors from a French war vessel, visiting Paris to see the sights, once stumbled into Voisin's by mistake, thinking it an ordinary place. Old Monsieur Braquessac, however, did not let them discover their error, but served them for a few francs a luncheon which, at regular rates, would have cost them a year's pay.

In what contrast is this tale to that told me by a prosperous American woman, long resident in Paris, who lately entered the same establishment and, being on a diet, ordered only a salad for lunch. She was informed that Voisin's did not care to serve a salad unaccompanied by other dishes, and out she went, never to return. But, then, as I have said before, Monsieur Braquessac is dead.

I have the menu of a Christmas dinner held at Voisin's in the year 1870, on the ninety-ninth day of the siege of Paris. Perhaps the company did not partake of the strange dishes set forth on that card, but the restaurateur perpetrated a brave joke in face of famine and disaster when he listed roast camel, stuffed donkey's head, and cats with rat dressing!

Voisin's has long been known as a rendezvous of the French nobility, of diplomats, and of gourmets and amateurs of wine from all over the world. Its cuisine is impeccable, and its cellars are the best in Paris, including, as they do, practically all the greatest wines of France

in all their greatest years. Certain wines can be had at Voisin's which are elsewhere unobtainable, among them rare old Château d'Yquem in magnums which cost a fortune and are worth it, just as a Leonardo or Stradivarius is worth whatever it may cost.



EIGHTEEN DISTINGUISHED
RESTAURANTS



CHAPTER III

GROUP TWO: EIGHTEEN DISTINGUISHED RESTAURANTS

OF THE establishments listed in this chapter several are of such extraordinary merit that it was difficult to avoid mentioning them in the preceding group. However, in the preparation of such a book as this, hairs must be split, and I have split them.

L'ESCARGOT *38 Rue Montorgueil*

SITUATED near Les Halles, the great central markets which date from the Twelfth Century, this restaurant stands at the gateway of the historic part of Paris known as the Marais, famous for its ancient streets and buildings, and is itself a charming old-style place, with a high reputation founded upon good cellars and an exceptionally fine cuisine.

The building dates from 1540, and long housed a little wine shop. In 1884 it was purchased by a certain Madame Lecomte, who remodelled it and started the present restaurant, which during the thirty-five years of her proprietorship came to be favourably known, drawing clients

from all parts of the city. The late Lord Northcliffe used to patronize the place whenever he visited Paris, and James Gordon Bennett came often from the office of the *New York Herald*, in the Rue du Louvre not far away, to lunch and dine there.

Madame Lecomte was a character. She used to play the races, and legend has it that the prices on her menu fluctuated not with the market in comestibles, but in accordance with her luck at Longchamps and Auteuil. From her the restaurant was purchased in 1919 by Monsieur Lespinasse, former chef to Baron Gustave de Rothschild, Lord Islington, erstwhile Governor General of New Zealand, and the King of Egypt. Besides being a fine cook and a fine host, Monsieur Lespinasse is an antiquarian, and it is this combination in him that makes L'Escargot one of the most completely satisfying restaurants in Paris.

The front of the building with its insignia consisting of two large golden snails is redolent of age; within one finds clean wooden floors strewn with sawdust, a picturesque spiral stair leading to dining rooms above, and in the foyer a painted ceiling from the residence of Sarah Bernhardt, who in her day was a client of the establishment.

When Poincaré was President of France his entire Ministry lunched every Friday in a private room on the second floor; Cécile Sorel is a regular patron, it was a favourite place of Ambassador Herrick, the late Earl of Ypres (Field Marshal French) used to write

ahead from England to have a table reserved for him when he was coming to Paris, and the last dinner he had in public before his sudden death was at L'Escargot. Perhaps the most notable gathering ever held in the establishment was a dinner celebrating the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, which was attended en masse by the British representatives at the Peace Conference, among them Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Balfour, Winston Churchill, and Lord Reading.

In a restaurant so named the snail is of course a specialty. This is a dish for which I have never learned to care, but with frogs' legs sauté Provençale, another specialty, I can go the whole way and give a lusty cheer, and the same applies to L'Escargot's onion soup, its broiled lobster with paprika sauce, steak marchand de vin (cooked with marrow and Bordeaux wine), and even, at a pinch, tripe à la mode de Caen, while as for crêpes Suzette, there are none better anywhere.

Near by, in a courtyard at 64 Rue Montorgueil—which, by the way, is a Thirteenth Century street—may still be seen the old *auberge* of the Compas d'Or, a fascinating relic of other days. Its huge wooden hangar has sheltered many an old coach, and I doubt that there exists anywhere another structure giving so perfect a picture of a Sixteenth Century inn.

In the Rue Étienne Marcel, just around the corner from the restaurant, is the old tower of Jean sans Peur, built about 1375. This is a fragment of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, ancient residence of Robert of Artois, which adjoined the city wall of Philip Augustus. The little street at the other side of the

restaurant is called the Rue Mauconseil—Bad Council Street—and is mentioned under that name as far back as 1250; it contains two very old houses, and many other old houses, with interesting façades, wrought-iron balconies, and ancient doorways may be seen in the Rue Montorgueil itself.

LAPÉROUSE

51 *Quai des Grands Augustins*

A WIDELY known and picturesque restaurant of the Left Bank, Lapérouse has for a hundred years or more occupied an early Eighteenth Century building, once the residence of a Count de Bruillevet. The unpretentious old structure with its fine wrought-iron balcony railings facing the Seine, and its winding stairways leading to floors above, gives—save that it is now carpeted instead of having sand or sawdust on its floors—an admirable picture of a good Parisian restaurant of a century ago.

A veritable honeycomb of small apartments, it has one private dining room with panels attributed to Boucher—who painted the familiar portrait of Madame de Pompadour—and another, also worth seeing, which is a secret cubbyhole for two, with a concealed door opening into the curved wall of a tiny stair landing. This door is made to match the wall and has no knob, but must be opened with a key carried by a discreet maître d'hôtel, and the most jealous of jealous husbands might search the restaurant from top to bottom without discovering the room's existence.

No one seems to be sure how old the Restaurant Lapérouse actually is but, as I have elsewhere mentioned,

my 1888 Baedeker stars it as first-class, and it is safe to say that almost every earnest and discerning eater who has known Paris in the last seventy-five years has at one time or other lunched or dined there. True, it was never precisely a rival of the Café Anglais or other ultra-fashionable Boulevard establishments of the middle and latter part of the last century, having been known rather as a sound old house than as a rendezvous of elegance; yet no restaurant in Paris looks as if it held more history, and undoubtedly, if one knew all, that look is, to some extent at least, justified by facts. Not many facts, however, are forthcoming. I am able to say only that Lapérouse has existed, much as it is to-day, for a long time, that tradition marks it as a favourite eating-place of Thackeray and of Robert Louis Stevenson, and that when, a few months after the death of King Ferdinand of Roumania, the Prime Minister Bratiano also died and the Crown Prince Carol was reported on his way to Roumania where a coup d'état in his favour was expected, the prince was in fact ensconced in a private dining room of Lapérouse. So at least I am told by certain wise Parisian journalists.

This restaurant has one of the best cellars in Paris, and the prices of its wines are not too high. Last year I had there one of the finest dinners I have ever eaten, but two subsequent meals, neither of which was ordered in advance, were less creditable. The Restaurant Lapérouse, if it will make the effort, is able to give a notable performance.

FOUQUET

99 Avenue des Champs Élysées

SITUATED on the second floor, above a pleasant café-bar where amusing people meet at the sad hour of the afternoon to cheer themselves, Fouquet's dining rooms, with their yellow panelled walls, yellow silk curtains, and agreeable lighting, have an air at once intimate and smart.

The clientele of the place is diverting. A sedate old French couple will be dining at one table, Americans at the next, South Americans beyond them, and throughout the room, in the racing season, will be sporting men with their pretty and vivacious feminine companions chatting gaily back and forth.

Fouquet's is one of a group of four high-class restaurants operated by Monsieur Louis Barrya, the others being the Café de Paris, near the Opéra, and the Pré Catelan and Armenonville in the Bois de Boulogne. All are open for luncheon, dinner, and supper, but whereas there is dancing in the evening at the other three establishments, one does not dance at Fouquet's—wherefore I prefer it. There is a good orchestra which does not play too loud. The cuisine and service are admirable, and the wines are good enough.

L'ÂNE ROUGE

28 Avenue Trudaine

A BRIGHT, gay little place, standing in a short block entirely occupied by restaurants, this is one of the best eating-places I have found in the direction of Montmartre.

Its proprietor, Monsieur Jean Chulot, has been occupied with restaurants since 1883 and thoroughly knows his business. A native of Touraine, he moved to Paris in 1900 and became chef at the old Brasserie du Palais Royal, 10 Rue Richelieu, where Professor Mommsen and Mounet-Sully used often to be seen; from there he went to the Taverne Taitbout, and in 1912 started his present establishment, which has been awarded the gold medal of the Exposition Culinaire.

There is nothing eccentric, nothing of Montmartre night life, about the Restaurant de l'Âne Rouge. It is a "serious," albeit very cheerful eating-place, open for luncheon and dinner but not into the very late hours, and one of its specialties, chicken Chulot (chicken creamed with port wine and mushrooms) is, when cooked to order here, the best dish of the kind I know.

I asked Monsieur Chulot about his clientele. "It is this sort of clientele," he replied: "If one who knows my place comes to Paris for a month I expect to see him here three or four times."

Besides being master of his kitchens, Monsieur Chulot is an antiquary in wines—so much so that a Polish prince once paid him 65,000 francs for 325 bottles. To hear him talk of wines is delightful. Comparing a mellow old Bordeaux with a later vintage he said to me: "This one has pretty cheeks like Mademoiselle, but that other is too red." Of a 1926 Beaujolais he remarked: "It is not yet old enough to be married." And of a Château Léoville-Poyferré 1869: "Ah, there is a beautiful widow!"

An expensive but admirable house.

PAILLARD

2 Rue Chaussée d'Antin, corner Boulevard des Italiens

UNDER its original proprietor, Paillard's (established 1885) was one of the elegant restaurants of Paris, and King Edward VII was among its distinguished patrons. Of late years the building has changed hands and the restaurant has been taken over by new management. Upon the Boulevard front a sidewalk terrace café has been installed, and this, though agreeable, detracts from Paillard's former air of exclusiveness. But the cooking remains extremely good, and the cellars (whence lately I extracted a Château La Mission Haut Brion 1911 which I shall not soon forget) are truly distinguished.

Rossini, composer of *The Barber of Seville*, *William Tell*, and the oratorio, *Stabat Mater*, lived for many years in an apartment overhead. He died in Paris in 1868.

LA CRÉMAILLÈRE

92 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Place Beauvau

JULIEN and Maurice, twin maîtres d'hôtel at Ciro's, have, I understand, started this restaurant as a private venture of their own, and I believe it, for the place is extremely attractive, well run, and popular—especially with Americans.

The cuisine at the Crémaillère (a *crémaillère*, by the way, is one of those adjustable pothooks used in old-

fashioned French kitchens where cooking is done in the fireplace) leaves nothing to be desired, the wines are adequate, and the charges, in view of the real merit of the place, are reasonable.

BEAUGÉ

8 and 10 Rue St. Marc

STOCKBROKERS the world over have, as a class, the reputation of caring for good eating, and the Parisian stockbroker is of course no exception to the rule. Naturally, then, a group of fine restaurants clusters round the Bourse, and among these none has a higher reputation than Beaugé's.

Founded in 1848, Beaugé's has changed but little with the years. It has the simple, hospitable look that typifies restaurants of the old style, and its cuisine is justly celebrated among gourmets.

Monsieur Cathelin, the present proprietor, a grandson of the founder, is at once host and chef, and in both rôles conducts himself with rare distinction. Before taking over Beaugé's he was chef to the late Duke of Sutherland, Lord Allendale (Chamberlain to King George), Lady Margaret Charteris, Baron Rothschild, and the Princess Polignac. The house has a good cellar and is celebrated for its special dishes, among them filet of sole sans nom, with a glorious coral-coloured sauce, blanket of veal à l'ancienne, grilled steak maître d'hôtel with potatoes alumettes (crisp little potato sticks, like matches), pheas-

ant à la Beaugé, wild boar, and chicken Suédois. The last-mentioned dish was invented by Monsieur Cathelin in honour of the Crown Prince of Sweden when the latter was being entertained at dinner by Lord Allendale.

The Rue St. Marc, in which Beaugé's is situated, dates from 1670, and the door of the Passage des Panoramas, adjoining the restaurant, was originally that of a fine residence. The Passage, an arcade running through to the Boulevard de Montmartre, was built in 1800 and takes its name from the fact that painted panoramas of Jerusalem, Rome, Naples and Florence were shown there in the early part of the Nineteenth Century, when it is said that panoramas had a vogue resembling that of motion pictures in the present day. History records that the first effort to use gas in Paris for illuminating purposes was made in the Passage des Panoramas in the year 1817. Lately, in reading over George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man*, I found mention of his having worked, when he first went to Paris, in an artist's studio above the Passage.

PHILIPPE

12 Rue Daunou

CIRO's is responsible for hatching at least two excellent restaurants in Paris, and this is one of them, Philippe, the proprietor, having formerly been maître d'hôtel at Ciro's, which is only a door or two distant.

Philippe's dining room is small, bright, and attractive; an orchestra plays at the dinner hour, but there is no dancing. Cuisine and service are absolutely of the best and prices are correspondingly high, but the wine list is not remarkable.

DROUANT

18 Rue Gaillon, Place Gaillon

THE pleasant old façade of this restaurant gives promise of good things within, and the promise is fulfilled. Dating from the 'seventies, Drouant's is an honest, old-fashioned house, a rabbit warren of dining rooms, large and small, upstairs and down.

Many private luncheons and dinners are held in rooms on upper floors, and annually, in November, the famous Conseil des Dix meets here at lunch and does the balloting preliminary to the award of the Goncourt Prize which crowns the French novel voted by this group of ten the best of the preceding year.

No restaurant in Paris has changed less in thirty years. It remains unpretentious and sound, with a thoroughly reliable cuisine and some excellent wines at reasonable prices.

LE GRIFFON

6 Rue d'Antin

NEAR the Opéra and the smart shopping district, Le Griffon is popular for luncheon and for dinner by reason of its pleasant setting, its good cooking, its agreeable wines, and its fair prices. Among the specialties are grilled meats, game in season, and crêpes Suzette.

LAURENT

Avenue Gabriel, Carré des Champs Élysées

FOUNDED in 1867, this charming pavilion situated beneath the trees of the wide parked portion of the Champs Élysées, near the Place de la Concorde, was for many years one of the smartest and most expensive restaurants in the city.

When I first went there, long ago, no prices were indicated on the menu, and one got the feeling that the management charged whatever it thought one could stand; but all that is changed, and the restaurant, while it still maintains a distinguished old-world air and offers an admirable cuisine and good wines, is reasonable in its prices. Besides the regular à la carte service, a table d'hôte luncheon is offered at thirty-five francs and a dinner at fifty francs.

Open throughout the year, Laurent's is always a delightful place at which to dine, but it is particularly so in summer, when tables are set in a garden sheltered by hedges of rhododendron which give a pleasant sense of privacy, seeming to thrust the city far away.

The proprietor, Captain Henri Sécheresse, is by way of being an adopted American, for in 1918 he wore, as aide de camp to General Robert Lee Bullard, the uniform of the United States. Four times wounded, Captain Sécheresse is a holder of the Croix de Guerre and was created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour for heroic service.

The Café Laurent is much patronized by members of

the American Embassy and is popular with many visitors who know their Paris.

LEDOYEN

8 Champs Élysées, Carré des Champs Élysées

LIKE the Café Laurent, which stands among the trees on the other side of the wide Avenue des Champs Élysées, Ledoyen's is open all of the year but is particularly popular in summer. The main portion of the pavilion was built in 1808, but from time to time it has been extended and improved.

Under the Second Empire, when this region was considered somewhat remote from the heart of Paris, fashionables used to drive out to Ledoyen's as their descendants do to the Bois. We are told that the elegant Duc de Morny used to sup there, and that La Paiva "lunched and dined there with her princely train," in a private salon still intact.

In summer, tables are set in the open space before the door, and one may dine delightfully beneath the trees. The service and cuisine are excellent, and the wines adequate. The open air arrangements here are somewhat less secluded, and the crowd is likely to be larger than at the Café Laurent. Prices are about the same. Save the rustling of the leaves and the mating calls of distant taxicabs, there is no music, and the absence of dancing makes these two restaurants in the Champs Élysées preferable, in one respect, to those of the Bois. That, at least, is my opinion.

CARTON

9 *Place de la Madeleine*

CHEZ CARTON, formerly known as the Restaurant Lucas, around the corner from Larue's, is a quiet place offering a fair selection of wines and a careful and capable cuisine. It was started more than half a century ago by an Englishman named Lucas who ran it as a *brasserie* where British ale and beer were principal attractions. In 1888 it changed hands, becoming a French restaurant but keeping its old name, and in 1925 it was purchased by its present proprietor, Monsieur Carton, who got his early experience in the kitchens of the glorious Café Anglais and has lately been president of the Society of French Cooks.

The decorations of the restaurant are in that wiggly style which appeared in Paris about the end of the last century and was called *art nouveau*—a style also to be encountered at Maxim's. It is no longer "*nouveau*" now, but looks old-fashioned, causing one to wonder how the modernist decoration of the present time will look twenty-five or thirty years hence.

DES CAPUCINES

4 *Boulevard des Capucines*

JUST around the corner from the Opéra, and a few doors from the new Paramount Theatre, this restaurant is a typically "snappy" Boulevard establishment. It occupies

the site on which formerly stood the Café Américain, but is entirely unlike that mellow old resort of other days, for its decorations and its lighting are brightly modernistic.

Like Weber's, the Restaurant des Capucines is a favourite place for after-theatre suppers, and it has the advantage of being less crowded than Weber's and providing better service. Smart-looking clients mingle here with the upper crust of the Boulevard; at supper, in particular, may be seen people who have but lately gazed at one another across the footlights; and *les petites femmes*, as one here observes them, are very definitely *not* the Little Women of Louisa May Alcott.

All in all, I find the Restaurant des Capucines difficult to classify. It looks as if there should be dancing, but there isn't. I have been there twice, and both times have had champagne—something I seldom drink. The cuisine seemed to me good but, truth to say, I was too busy looking round to take much note of what I ate. According to my recollection the charges were rather high, but I had two very pleasant and amusing evenings. I therefore take a chance and catalogue the restaurant in this distinguished group.

LA TRUFFE NOIRE

11 Rue Taitbout

THIS well-appointed little restaurant, close to the Boulevard Haussmann, was opened in the early part of 1929

by Monsieur Charles Bros, proprietor of the Grand Hotel at Souillac, a southern town long known for its fine cooking. Monsieur Bros comes of a family noted in the annals of gastronomy, his father having been in charge at the Élysée Palace when Félix Faure was President of France.

With its soft carpets, dignified service, and the sunlight pouring through its wide windows, the Truffe Noire (Black Truffle) is a tranquil haven in a teeming business district. Its clientele is for the most part French and seems to be made up of prosperous merchants and men of affairs; and prices are high enough to keep the place from being overcrowded.

Naturally, in a restaurant so named, the truffle adds its subtle flavour to many dishes. Among these are sole Truffe Noire, braised truffles en cocotte, and creamed truffles. The pâté de foie-gras of Souillac and braised goose liver of Quercy are fixtures on the menu. Each day three or four plats du jour are offered. These are changed throughout the week, and opposite each is listed a non-vintage wine suited to the dish, which may be ordered by the glass at a cost of three francs. The selling of wine by the glass in this manner is an excellent innovation. The finer wines are of course sold only by the bottle, and those desiring such wines will find them in abundance, for the cellars here are good.

The Truffe Noire is from every point of view equipped to take a high place in the Paris restaurant world.

AU CANETON

3 Rue de la Bourse

THIS restaurant, near the Stock Exchange, has a good French cuisine but specializes in Russian dishes, such as blinis (thin pancakes served with fresh caviar and sour cream), and the glorious soups called bortsch and bortschochok, which are here admirably prepared. A Russian string quartette plays at the dinner period, and the company, which often includes prosperous Russian exiles, is likely to be interesting.

Prices are not low.

LAPRÉ

24 Rue Drouot

THIS honourable restaurant, known since the 'nineties for good cooking and fine wines, is near the famous auction rooms of the Hôtel Drouot and is a favourite luncheon place of the wholesale diamond merchants whose offices are in this district.

Some years since, however, the name Lapré came to be identified with high prices, and when in 1927 the restaurant was taken over by Monsieur Cathelin, accomplished chef and proprietor of the splendid Restaurant Beaugé, he set out to popularize the place. A grill and rôtisserie have been installed, the decorations are new, the wines remain notable, and, as wherever Monsieur Cathelin supervises, the cuisine is excellent.

The Restaurant Lapré has had a renaissance.

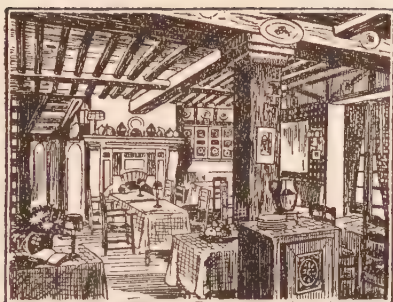
BOILAIVE
2 Rue Geoffroy Marie

WITH a view to getting a list of the restaurant's specialties for my book, and also with a view to looking over the prices, which seemed to me very high, I asked, after lunching at Boilaive's, for a menu to take away with me. The request was refused, and the refusal was made in an uncivil manner. In no other restaurant in Paris have I had such an experience.

Nevertheless I feel obliged to say that I lunched extremely well and that Boilaive's cellars are noteworthy, listing wines of distinguished vintages as far back as 1848. The place was established in 1863. It is small and very simple, with the old-fashioned look I always like, and is much patronized at midday by French business men. I am unable to tell more about it, for of course I never went back.



THIRTY-SIX GOOD RESTAURANTS
OF THE MIDDLE CLASS



CHAPTER IV

GROUP THREE: THIRTY-SIX GOOD RESTAURANTS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

THE strength of every nation is derived from its bourgeoisie, and in France, as we know, the middle class is particularly sound and particularly admirable. The same thing may, I think, be said of the restaurants of Paris. Sumptuous restaurants supported by the rich lend glory to Parisian life, but these, after all, represent only a trifling section of that life, whereas the mass of middle-grade restaurants impart to the city a definite and widespread colour.

No great chef ever started as a great chef, and no great restaurant ever started as a great restaurant. The story of every famous eating-place is a story of modest beginnings, of honest effort coupled with talent, and of resultant growth. When chefs from famous restaurants go into business for themselves they found or purchase small establishments and build them up, and there is no doubt that many individuals destined to become the

famous restaurateurs, chefs or maîtres d'hôtel of the future, are now engaged in making reputations among the eating-places listed in this and the following group.

Entering Larue's or Foyot's, l'Escargot or Lapérouse, Ciro's or the Café de Paris, one may experience emotions, but the thrill of discovery will not be among them. Discoveries are to be made only among the lesser groups of eating-places, and I therefore particularly recommend to the collector of restaurants that he give attention to the groupings dealt with in this chapter and the next, and further, that, if he have leisure, he practise the diverting pastime of searching out new places for himself.

Two of the greatest changes which have occurred of late years in the Paris restaurant scene are the growth of interest in provincial dishes, representing the cuisine of various parts of France—"regional cooking" it is called—and the development of a popular type of restaurant called *auberge*, meaning inn or tavern. Auberges generally affect in their decorations the style of a Normandy kitchen, with copper pots and pans hanging from timbered walls and ceilings, a fireplace where fowls are roasted on the spit, red and white checked curtains and table linen to match. The several auberges mentioned in this grouping are auberges de luxe.

DES TRIANONS

5 *Place de Rennes, opposite Gare Montparnasse*

IN MY old Montparnasse days, when we wanted to give a party and eat well, we would go to the Restaurant

Lavenue, but things have changed, and the Restaurant des Trianons now provides the best eating in the district, unless perhaps the Viking Restaurant may be considered a competitor.

Des Trianons was one of the first restaurants to develop a system of "regional cooking" such as may now be found in many eating-places, and to print a programme of regional dishes for the month. By following the programme at the Trianons one may learn much about the cuisine of different provinces of France and learn it in a very pleasant way. Regional cooking has been carried on since 1922 and has been highly successful. The restaurant has a faithful clientele drawn in part from the ranks of business and in part from among the saner painters, sculptors, writers, and musicians inhabiting the district.

Aside from the specialties mentioned above, plain food is cooked admirably, and it is amusing to watch French clients of the house, male and female, stuffing themselves with the good food.

LA POULARDE

6 Rue St. Marc

THOUGH entirely unpretentious, this house has a pleasing atmosphere. It is above all a place in which the guest is made to feel at home, for the host, though a young man, has the charming manner of the old-fashioned French innkeeper, and his waiters and sommeliers are eager and solicitous.

One night at La Poularde I ordered a fairly expensive light Bordeaux to accompany a truffled pullet (a specialty of the house).

"How does Monsieur find the wine?" asked the sommelier. There was nothing really wrong with the wine, but it lacked full flavour and bouquet, and I told him so, whereupon he summoned the proprietor, who poured himself a half glass, tasted it, and ordered the bottle away, saying: "Permit me, monsieur, to send you something else."

I awaited the "something else" with interest. It proved to be an impeccable Bordeaux, listed at ten or fifteen francs more than the bottle I originally ordered, but on the bill I was charged only for the inferior wine. That is to say, the house, of its own volition, lost the full price of the first bottle and gave up its profit on the second. Naturally one feels warmly toward such a restaurant, and if one has dined with the most charming of companions, and dined extremely well, one's friendly feeling for the place increases. I have naught but praise, then, for the Restaurant La Poularde.

Lyonnaise cooking is a specialty, and much cream is used. Among delicacies to which attention is particularly called are quenelles de brochet Nantua (light fishballs with sumptuous sauce), fattened poulet de Bresse (Brescia pullet) in various styles, champignons farcis (stuffed mushrooms), crêpes Jeanette (Jeanette is presumably a sister of Suzette, whose thin pancakes are cooked in orange liqueur), and finally l'île flottant de la tante Rose (Aunt Rose's floating island). Creamed duck,

creamed lobster, and other delectable dishes of the Lyonnaise school are prepared on special order. Prices are a trifle high for this class of restaurant, but are not exorbitant.

AUBERGE DE CHANTECLAIR

6 Rue du Helder

CHANTECLAIR is not a typical auberge, but an auberge de luxe—a glistening restaurant with a prosperous clientele, chefs in spotless white caps and jackets, deft waiters, and a general air of cleanliness and smartness.

Entering, one faces a huge fireplace with an immaculate hearth and chickens roasting on a slowly turning spit, filling the room with appetizing fragrance. Menus are pleasantly varied, specialties are changed daily, and the cellars contain a fair assortment of good wines. Prices are slightly higher than at the average auberge, and one readily sees why.

LA REINE PÉDAUQUE

6 Rue de la Pépinière

LA RÔTISSERIE de la Reine Pédauque—to give it its full appellation—takes its name from the title of Anatole France's novel and is one of the most popular restaurants in Paris. Indeed, it has been elected *the* most popular, for when, two years ago, the newspaper *Paris Midi* asked its readers to vote for their favourite restaurants the Reine Pédauque won first place.

The record of that vote is entertaining:

1, The Reine Pédaque, a good overcrowded restaurant of middle grade; 2, Poccardi, a popular Italian restaurant on the Boulevard; 3, the Rôtisserie Périgourdine, a good place of middle grade; 4, L'Écrivisse, a fairish sort of place; 5, Lapérouse, a distinguished old restaurant of my second grouping; 6, the Café de Paris, a very elegant establishment; 7, Victor Casenave, an excellent place of middle grade; 8, the Bouillon Duval in the Place de la Madeleine, one of a chain of popular low-price restaurants; 9, Voisin, one of the six supreme restaurants of the city; 10, Larue, also one of the six, the one with which this book begins.

To me the most interesting thing about the Reine Pédaque is how they get so many people into such small space, manage to feed them, and make them satisfied. I admit cheerfully that the hors d'œuvres are remarkable; I admit that the "regional cooking"—the cuisine of Brittany on Monday, of the Auvergne on Tuesday, of Burgundy on Wednesday, etc.—is interesting and very good, but I do not like to have waiters scrambling over me, and I have a theory that the napkins carried by waiters should be used for certain definite purposes, among which I do not list the brushing of my back hair.

The Reine Pédaque is not called an auberge, but it is none the less "aubergy."

LE CHEVAL PIE

8 Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, corner Rue de Pontbieu

THE Cheval Pie (Piebald Horse) is one of the three or four best restaurants of the auberge type. Situated in the hotel district near the Rond-Point des Champs Élysées, and also near many fashionable dressmaking establishments, it has a smart clientele, which it holds by the sheer merit of its cooking and fairness of its prices.

The restaurant has two grills, one for meats and one for fish, and the cooking is done over wood embers. Downstairs is a gay little bar which, in a single night, was amusingly frescoed, by the painter Guy Arnoux and two associates, with pictures of pirates, pieces of eight, galleons, gals, and sea horses.

On Friday, which as everybody knows is fish day, one often finds at the Cheval Pie a Russian *coulibiac*: a delectable mixture of fish, rice, mushrooms, egg and tapioca, wrapped in a pastry covering and made into a loaf; and for dessert the restaurant's galette Normande may be recommended with enthusiasm.

ÉMIL'S

6 Rue Ventadour

SITUATED near the heart of the city, a few doors to the right of the Avenue de l'Opéra as one ascends toward the Boulevards, Émil's is in a quiet little street, and one dines there with a sense of repose. It looks like a place in which

a good dinner and good wine should be forthcoming, and that in fact is the case.

Among the specialties are bouillabaisse, lobster Thermidor, partridge or chicken cooked with port wine, fat Rouen duck with a rich blood sauce, kidneys cooked in cognac, in port wine, or with a cream sauce, and crêpes Emil, which are, in effect, crêpes Suzette.

Prices are reasonable and the cellars well above the average. Emil's is one of the best restaurants of its class in Paris.

LETESSIER

15 Avenue Victor Hugo

WITH its cheerful lighting and its red upholstered seats, Chez Letessier has the inviting air of a miniature Larue, and Monsieur Letessier, who bought the place in 1924, is an excellent host and a fine chef. His first experience with cooking was when at eighteen he went to work in the kitchens of the old Café Riche; later he worked under Goisey, famous chef of the Café Anglais, and still later in the kitchens of Noël Peter, Paillard, Lapérouse and Larue. His establishment is popular both for luncheon and for dinner, and his menus are interesting, being varied daily and announced a month in advance, so that clients may know when to come for favourite dishes. Among the fixed specialties are quenelles de brochet (light fish-balls), sole de ma tante Marie, rognons flambés (kidneys cooked in cognac), chicken fin gourmet, fruit glacé, and crêpes (pancakes) in various delicious styles and flavours.

Prices are moderate. Downstairs is an American bar. Chez Letessier is the best little restaurant in its neighbourhood.

RÔTISSERIE PÉRIGOURDINE

(Rouzier)

2 Place St. Michel

"IN 1846," says the useful *Semaine de Paris*, "there were only two good restaurants on the Left Bank, though the city possessed 950 at the time. To-day although the balance between the two banks has not been realized, some thirty excellent restaurants encircle the two of greatest repute."

One of the thirty, and one of the best of them, is the Rôtisserie Périgourdine, sometimes called Rouzier's, a well-situated establishment, occupying two floors of a building overlooking the Seine at the corner of the Quai St. Michel. Just inside the doorway is a tiled grill where fowls, cooking on the spit, yield appetizing odours, but the ground-floor dining room is less attractive than the room above, with its arched windows framing views of the river and the Île de la Cité, where, like a mountain of "frozen music," rises the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame. Tables beside these windows are much coveted, and as the restaurant is usually overcrowded one cannot get them without making reservation well ahead.

Like many other restaurateurs of this class, Monsieur Édouard Rouzier, proprietor, specializes in regional dishes, offering on one day viands of his native province,

on another samples of Burgundian cooking, and on others, dishes characteristic of the Dauphiné, Picardy, Savoie, the Touraine, Normandy, Brittany, or the Basque country.

The wine list is strong, especially in red Burgundies and champagnes, and some of the cheaper wines are exceptionally good. I am thinking particularly of an ordinary Monbazillac at eight francs, which goes extremely well with fish.

MARGUERY

34 Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle

IN THE days of Monsieur Marguery, distinguished host, distinguished chef, and inventor of the world-renowned sole à la Marguery, this restaurant, far down the Grand Boulevards, used to draw its clientele from all over the city and all over the world. Even when Monsieur Marguery was an old man it was his habit to rise early and do his own marketing, and no one who knew him will forget the charming way he had of passing from table to table, at luncheon and at dinner, greeting his guests and seeing to their comfort.

Though he died many years ago, the restaurant bearing his name still flourishes and is a fine bourgeois establishment. The cooking is excellent, the wines are well selected, and the prices reasonable. Sole à la Marguery is still prepared there with distinction, and American visitors will perhaps be interested to know that when George Rector's father, then the best-known restaurateur in the United States, wished to give his son post-graduate courses in

cooking and in restaurant management he sent him to work for several months at Marguery's and at the Café de Paris.

DROUANT

79 Boulevard de Strasbourg

A SIMPLER place than the restaurant of the same name in the Place Gaillon, this Drouant, near the Gare de l'Est (Eastern Railway Station), is a typical bourgeois eating-place and very good. Its numerous small dining rooms are located upon several floors, and usually at luncheon and at dinner they are crowded. Neither in equipment nor in service does the place make any pretense to style, yet the cooking is distinctly better than in many showy and expensive restaurants, and the selection of wines is far larger, better, and cheaper than in most Parisian eating houses of the same class.

For example, I find listed among the red Burgundies a Romanée Conti 1919 at sixty francs, a Grand Chamber-tin 1919 at fifty francs, a Romanée Grand Vin 1915 at forty-five francs, and a Richebourg 1919 at thirty-six francs; also among sweet white Bordeaux, the dessert wines so much liked by ladies, are a Château la Tour Blanche 1919 at less than two dollars, and three vintages of Château Yquem ranging from two dollars to four dollars. For those who wish to taste fine wines all these are bargains.

The oysters and sea food supplied by this restaurant are celebrated, and an excellent choice of dry white Burgundies, suitable to accompany such dishes, is provided.

The only reason for classifying this Drouant below the Drouant in the Place Gaillon is that here the setting, service, and clientele are somewhat plainer.

LA PETITE CHAISE

36 and 38 Rue de Grenelle

THIS restaurant, near the Boulevard Raspail, not far above the Boulevard St. Germain, is an ancient landmark, having been founded in 1681, and having continued as a restaurant from that time to this. Undoubtedly De Musset knew the Petite Chaise, for he lived from 1824 to 1840 at No. 59 Rue de Grenelle, near by. Coaches coming from northern parts of France to Paris used to arrive near the present site of the Bon Marché; the Petite Chaise thus got a considerable transient traffic, and it is interesting to recall that instead of the restaurant's being named for the little Rue de la Chaise, down which it faces, the street was named for the restaurant.

A wrought-iron grille which covers half the front of the present establishment is classified by the Beaux Arts as a *monument historique*, as are also the two lanterns outside the entrance, the old mirror over the bar, and the famous little chair which hangs upon the wall.

The present proprietor, Mr. Eugene Shoecraft, who was formerly in the American Diplomatic Service, tells me that a reference to the Petite Chaise has been found in the memoirs of Brillat-Savarin, who wrote that on a certain day he had lunched there and had his usual *omelette au curé* "which reflects glory on the little man

who devised the dish." But what an *omelette au curé* was, or what was the name of "the little man," no one now can say.

It is known only that there was in the long ago a little man who was proprietor. He may have been a dwarf, a hunchback or a cripple, for legend has it that he was usually to be seen sitting in a chair near the door. Here, according to tradition, Louis XIV saw him, and—still according to tradition—the tiny chair that hangs above the bar was a present from that king to the little man. At all events, the chair is very old.

Tastefully and simply decorated, in a manner consonant with its age, clean as a pin, with a good chef and cellars containing a few competent Burgundies and other wines, the Petite Chaise is having just the kind of renaissance that it deserves. And if an American bar is an anachronism, it is the only anachronism of which Mr. Shoecraft has been guilty, and is easily forgiven.

Prices are not low.

LE CABARET DES CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES

4 Avenue Victor Emmanuel III

THIS restaurant is not on the Champs Élysées and is not a cabaret, but it is a pleasant place for luncheon and for dinner and has a good following. It was started in 1920 by a capable man, formerly employed at Fouquet's, and there is about it a certain style, such as is usually to be found in restaurants run by graduates of Fouquet's or

the Café de Paris. Prices are rather high for a restaurant of this grade, but the cooking is good, and the cellar, while it contains no wines of great age, is fairly extensive and has Burgundies of some of the best years from 1911 on.

CHEZ FRANCIS

7 Place de l'Alma

FACING the Seine at the Pont de l'Alma, Chez Francis serves a pleasant neighbourhood of wide tree-bordered avenues on which are many fine apartments whose well-dressed inhabitants presumably furnish the restaurant's chief clientele. At the front is a café with seats and little tables in a sidewalk space pleasantly hedged with privet and sheltered by an awning; within are a grill room and several dining rooms tastefully decorated, the whole place having a smart but not too formal air.

The service is correct and the cooking good; a specialty is made of grilled meats in wide variety; there is a fair choice of wines, and prices on the menu, like those on the wine list, show due consideration for the guest's pocket-book. The restaurant merits its popularity.

VIKING RESTAURANT

29 Rue Vavin

THIS Franco-Scandinavian restaurant has been growing rapidly in size and popularity, and shares with the Restaurant des Trianons, three blocks distant, first honours for cooking in the Montparnasse district. An extensive line of Scandinavian hors d'œuvres is served at luncheon,

and Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian dishes are offered in addition to the standard French cuisine. Also good beer from the three Scandinavian countries. The bar is popular with artists of the region and their girl companions, and a new ground-floor dining room has lately been opened to take care of the overflow from the old dining room on the second floor, at one side of which are small compartments with curtains which at need may be discreetly drawn.

Good, fairly expensive, lively, but not one of the Montparnasse madhouses.

JEAN CASENAVE

39 Rue Boissy d'Anglas

JEAN CASENAVE is a gifted restaurateur with ideas of his own. Coming to Paris as a boy from his native village, near Pau, he got a job as a *petit marmiton* in the kitchen of a café, and that job determined his future, for he there discovered his natural flair for cooking.

In 1908 he opened a restaurant in the Rue Ste. Anne, acting as his own chef; after three successful years he fell ill and sold the place, but in retirement he was miserable, and in order to regain his health he returned to Paris and opened his present establishment.

A stocky, baldheaded man with a black beard, a red carnation in his buttonhole, and a manner exuberantly cordial, he is a real figure in Paris restaurant life. His place consists of a large and rather plain room with sawdust on the floor and tables close together; and when at

meal time these tables are occupied and clients are standing round the doorway waiting to get seats, the service is anything but suave. However, when the food arrives it is certain to be good, for Monsieur Casenave buys only the best materials and himself supervises the cooking, which is sound and wholesome rather than elaborate.

Further, instead of having an extensive menu he offers a limited but entirely sufficient choice of dishes. On the dinner menu, for example, are generally listed hors d'œuvre, oysters in season, two soups, three fish items, three plats du jour, some cold meats, a good variety of vegetables, salads, cheese, and a choice of eight or ten desserts. Prices are in the middle range. It is a relief to go to Jean Casenave's when one is tired of rich dishes with complicated sauces.

VICTOR CASENAVE

10 Rue de Duras

VICTOR CASENAVE is a brother of the illustrious Jean, and though his restaurant offers somewhat more than Jean's in the way of pleasing setting, the policy of the one is like that of the other: reasonable prices, a limited but quite sufficient choice of dishes, the best materials, and fine plain cooking. The service here is better than at brother Jean's, but Jean has the red carnation and the personality. Both restaurants are deservedly popular.

If you want to taste a good cheap wine I recommend Victor Casenave's Bordeaux Supérieur, *sans année*, at eight francs a bottle. It surprised me.

LA CHAUMIÈRE NORMANDE

22 Rue Caulaincourt

SITUATED in Montmartre, this auberg-like restaurant is entirely free from the flash and raucousness we think of in connection with that district. A small, unostentatious place, almost shabby in its decoration, it is what the French call a "serious" restaurant, meaning one in which the latest *chichi* is ignored, and the best traditions of the French cuisine are maintained.

My first acquaintance with it was at luncheon on a sunny Saturday; across the narrow room were three tables at each of which sat a couple making love, but in spite of this I remember every detail of my meal. It was perfect, and the wine was a delight.

Monsieur Julien, proprietor of the Chaumière Normande, was maître d'hôtel at the Restaurant Grand Vatel when the war broke out; on the field of battle he distinguished himself and was decorated with the Croix de Guerre and the Cross of the Legion of Honour. And now, in a less heroic but more comfortable field, he continues to distinguish himself, running a restaurant of really extraordinary merit.

The place was established in 1924. Prices are moderate and the cellars admirable.

If you collect old French furniture or other antiques you may find it worth your while, after lunching at the Chaumière Normande, to visit the Boulevard des Batignolles, not far distant, where are many antique shops not so well known as those nearer the centre of the city. For my part, however, I

have given up collecting and am trying to lead a better life, so after my first luncheon at the little restaurant I walked down the Rue Coulaïncourt, traversed the bridge by which it crosses a corner of the cemetery of Montmartre, and, the day being bright, walked through the cemetery.

Less beautiful than the cemetery of Père Lachaise, that of Montmartre contains some highly interesting tombs, among them one which in particular I wished to see: that of Alphonsine Plessis, otherwise known as Marie Duplessis, who, in the year 1847, at the age of twenty-three, died at her apartment, 8 Boulevard de la Madeleine, and is famous as the original from whom the younger Dumas drew his *Dame aux Camélias* (Camille).

Among the great dead here interred are the following:

Painters: Troyon, Greuze, and Horace Vernet. Composers: Aurdan, Thomé, Massé, Lemaître, Ambroise Thomas, Delibes, Berlioz, and Offenbach. Writers: Henri Beyle (Stendhal), Alfred de Vigny (called the first of the realists), Alexandre Dumas, fils, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, Heinrich Heine, Théophile Gautier (author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*), Henri Murger (author of *Scènes de la vie de Bobême*, the novel from which the play and the opera were taken), and Delphine Gay. Also Lucien Guitry, actor; Madame Vestris, actress; André Ampère, physicist; the Countess Marie Potoka, Madame Récamier, and—so far away from home!—Thomas Roderick Dew, President of William and Mary College, whose tombstone tells us that he was "born in Virginia, United States of America, and died at Paris, August seventh, 1846."

CANIHAC

12 Rue Feydeau

As THE great Montagné is satisfied to call himself merely "eating-house keeper," so the proprietor of this restau-

rant gives himself a modest title, printing at the head of his menu the words "Canihac, cuisinier." And indeed he can in the highest sense call himself a cook, for he is an ex-chef of the Chapon Fin at Bordeaux, and anyone in France can tell you what that means.

Monsieur Canihac supervises his own kitchens and offers many specialties; and though my friend Monsieur Caillon, of the Rue Lepic, calls specialties *blague*, and though in the Paris of to-day they often are, Canihac shows us that sometimes they are not. Among them may be mentioned daube Gasconne (a stew), poularde farcie Bordelaise (stuffed pullet), chapon fin (capon), coq au vin (it may be rooster cooked in wine, but it tastes more like capon), and last, but far from least, the pastry of the house—such pastry!

The restaurant was founded in 1924; being near the Bourse it is crowded at midday, but in the evening, when the brokers are no longer shouting on the steps of the great gray building just around the corner, the restaurant, like the region, quiets down, and it is then a most agreeable place at which to discuss the pleasure of the table.

Some good wines. Prices in the middle range.

CAILLON (Restaurant des Artistes)

11 Rue Lepic

FOR months I passed this little restaurant at intervals, and always when I saw it I said to myself that though it did

not look important I must try it sometime. And so at last I did, dining with a friend in the small ground-floor room, and sitting long over a simple but splendidly cooked dinner accompanied by two good wines.

Enjoying a prime piece of *pont l'évêque* with the heel of a bottle of Burgundy, my friend and I fell into conversation with an amiable Frenchman at the next table. He was in business in Germany, he told us, and had lived there several years, and we were astonished to hear from him that he and many of his friends believed that amity was growing between France and Germany, and further, that within the next ten or twenty years the two countries might conceivably form an alliance. Later he talked about the restaurant. His wife, whom on this occasion he had left behind in Berlin, was a Parisienne, and after their marriage, some years ago, they had given a party here. "Ah, but it *was* a party, that! Eh, Monsieur Caillon?"

The hour was late, and Monsieur Caillon the elder, who, with his son, runs the establishment, came from behind the counter by the door and joined us.

"Yes, my old one, I remember. Six years ago. It was *formidable!*"

"I always come back here when I visit Paris," said the other, "and I send a menu or some other little souvenir to my wife. This is a place for which we have a special sentiment, you understand, monsieur. Naturally! A good place."

Truly it was a good place, and I began to question

Monsieur Caillon, making notes on the back of a menu headed by one of Poulbot's amusing drawings.

The restaurant was started, he said, by Madame Coconnier (see page 93), from whom he bought it in 1921. Before that he had for many years been chef at the Casino de Vittel and at a famous club in Paris. His son, who now supervises the cuisine, worked four years under Argentié, chef of the Hôtel Crillon.

"What are your specialties?" I asked.

"We have but one, monsieur—careful simple cooking." His gray eyes twinkled as he added: "*Spécialités, c'est la blague.*"

Such is the sincerity you find chez Caillon, and it gets into the food. Why, after all, have specialties where everything is good?

COMM' CHEZ SOI

17 Rue Roquépine, corner Rue Cambacérès

THE name of this agreeable restaurant, meaning, as nearly as it can be translated, "as if one were at home," has been much imitated, but it originated with the two brothers, Jean and François Blondet, who are proprietors here.

Comm' Chez Soi lives up to its name. Its interior, occupying two floors, has an informal hospitable look, and I have found the service always friendly and attentive—so much so, indeed, that I have returned there many times and have come to think of the Blondet brothers as

my friends. Both have had considerable American experience, Monsieur Jean at the Copley-Plaza in Boston, and Monsieur François in New York at J. B. Martin's of glorious memory, and at the Hotel Plaza and the Hotel Ritz.

On a card I carried away with me I find a description of what the restaurant aims to give: "Comfort and well-being; an abundant and scrupulous cuisine, and wines of the good old days." It does not seem to me that this is overstatement. I have never had at Comm' Chez Soi a dish I did not like, and canard aux oranges (duck cooked with oranges) is, if ordered in advance, prepared as well there as anywhere in Paris.

The Blondet brothers are also proprietors of the Bonne Auberge, 5 Rue Ste. Anne.

LE VIEUX LOGIS

33 Rue Lepic

THE notorious music hall called the Moulin Rouge, in Montmartre, stands a perverted symbol of the time when farmers brought their grain to be ground in windmills which until about a century ago could be seen from all the country round waving their great arms on the summit of the hill.

This hill was occupied in Gallo-Roman times by villas; in the Middle Ages it was the site of a Benedictine monastery the lands of which extended almost to what is now the heart of Paris; and as lately as a century ago Montmartre was open country, except for a settlement

around the church of St. Pierre, at the very top, and for a scattering of houses along the upward-winding roadways.

One of these houses, a flatiron-shaped structure built in 1647, at the intersection of the Rue de Maistre, is the present Auberge du Vieux Logis, and whereas other Parisian auberges strive by artificial means to attain a semblance of antiquity, this one, with its genuine old timbered ceiling and great fireplace, has an atmosphere unmistakably authentic.

When first built it was a roadside wine shop at which farmers used to stop on their way to and from the windmills, and it is interesting to know that the wine dispensed was native to the Montmartre slopes, and that in those times it was not paid for by the drink or by the bottle, but *by the hour*.

The present auberge was started here in 1922, and those who like good cooking and good wines in an old-world atmosphere are certain to be delighted with the place. Monsieur Lallouel, the proprietor, is an accomplished host, and many of his special dishes are noteworthy. Among them may be mentioned filet of sole Mimi Pinson (sole with a cream sauce, tomatoes and mushrooms), escalope de veau Vieux Logis (veal with a cream and port wine sauce and truffles), le bon poulet du curé de campagne, otherwise "the good chicken of the country curate" (chicken cooked in a casserole with vegetables and country ham), and crêpes flambés de l'auberge, which are like crêpes Suzette, but have cream inside them.

PARIS - BAR
271 bis, Boulevard Péreire

IN SPITE of its name this outlying establishment is not a bar at all, but is a curiously shaped restaurant, resembling a huge dining car and, suitably, is set into the embankment of the Ceinture Railway, near the Porte Maillot.

It was opened in 1912 by Charles Sébillon, who made it very popular, and is at present run by his widow. I am told that "regional dishes," now served by so many restaurants, were here first introduced to Paris. The cooking is excellent, and good wines are to be had at reasonable prices, among them a Châteauneuf du Pape of 1921 at twenty-five or thirty francs, or, if you want a very reasonable wine, a Julienas served in a carafe at eight francs.

Paris-Bar has a gay and amusing clientele, and if you go there at eight or eight-thirty without having reserved a table, you will have to wait.

AUBERGE DU VERT GALANT
42 Quai des Orfèvres, corner Place Dauphine

OF DOZENS of auberges in Paris this one, on the Île de la Cité, is among the five or six best. It was established in 1926 by Monsieur Laurent Bissat, who as a young man was assistant chef on one of Edward VII's sailing yachts, and who, later, was for eight years manager of the Restaurant de la Tour d'Argent, following the death of the celebrated Frédéric. During Monsieur Bissat's man-

agership thirty-two thousand of the Tour d'Argent's famous Rouen ducks passed through the silver presses.

The Auberge du Vert Galant takes its name from the sobriquet of Henry IV, the word "green" in the nickname signifying perennial youth, and applying, presumably, to Henry's sustained propensity for love affairs. Henry IV, great in so many ways, was not only a great lover of his country (and his countrywomen) but a great lover of the table, and it is said that while striving to build up the prosperity of France he once remarked that he would never be satisfied until every family in the kingdom could have poule au pot (chicken boiled with vegetables in a covered pot) at least once a week. Naturally, then, poule au pot is a principal dish at this auberge. Among other specialties are homard Armoricaïne (lobster, Brittany style), quenelles de brochet (light fishballs with a delicious sauce), a truly remarkable soufflé de barbue (fish soufflé), chicken pie, and game in season variously cooked.

Monsieur Bissat supplies some agreeable wines, and the little outdoor terrace facing the Square at the side of the restaurant is a delightful place to dine of a summer's evening. Prices are not low, but are not, on the other hand, exorbitant.

The quai on which the Vert Galant is situated became a street in 1580 and was in its early days headquarters for the city's jewellers and silversmiths. Legend has it that the queen's diamond necklace, celebrated by Dumas, was originally bought on this quai, but the investigations of De Rochemore and Dumolin have located the place of purchase in what is now the Rue Béranger.

AUBERGE JEAN

8 Rue des Volontaires

TUCKED away on the Left Bank in a terra incognita inhabited by weary working folk and a scattering of artists driven from Montparnasse by mounting rents, the Auberge Jean is an oasis in a gastronomic desert. Its clientele is composed in part of artists—pictures by some of them hang about the walls—and in part of gourmets who, with their companions, come here as devout pilgrims from more fashionable parts of Paris. There are taxi drivers who do not know the Rue des Volontaires, and who, finding the street, have difficulty in finding No. 8. Let me therefore say that the Auberge Jean is some five or six minutes by motor from the Invalides and that it stands in the block between the Rue Lecourbe and the Rue de Vaugirard, longest street in the city.

Monsieur Jean Pedret, proprietor and chef, and Madame Pedret, who keeps the accounts, make the place what it is. Jean in his chef's cap and apron, now dashing back to his kitchen, now rushing forth to greet arriving guests, is a sparkling host, and his amiable wife is equally capable and equally a character.

"Do not try to order," said the friend who told me of the restaurant, "but take what Jean recommends."

It was good advice, and my first meal at the Auberge was so admirable that I pencilled the particulars in my memorandum book. We were three in number, and our dinner was as follows: Cream soup, bouillabaisse, wild duck cooked with oranges, a bottle of excellent Côtes du

Rhône, a bottle of Vittel, salad, and for dessert a *poire maison* (a pear cooked in wine on a slice of pineapple, and covered with thick cream). I also had café noir (the French, by the way, never say "demi tasse," the expression being, curiously enough, an Americanism) and finally an old *fine* (brandy) for one. The bill for this came to less than 150 francs, and I find in my notebook a memorandum on the subject:

Whether partly through luck or because the man is a wonderful cook, this is the best meal I have had this season in any restaurant of less than the highest order.

Naturally, I went back to find out more about the Auberge Jean, but what I found out I shall not reveal. For if the reader has been a good reader he has read my introductory remarks and will remember the story of the Coucou and of what befell.

COCONNIER

14 Rue de Castellane

A PLEASANT, unpretentious restaurant, this, much used by the French—which is always a good sign. Madame Coconnier has an enviable reputation, for it was she who many years ago started the Restaurant des Artistes in the Rue Lepic, doing the cooking herself. In 1920 she sold it and set up in business here, calling the place the Restaurant de Castellane, by which name it is sometimes mentioned still. She has now retired, leaving the direction to

her niece, Madame Therme, a rosy, amiable lady, whose husband (formerly employed in the kitchens of Voisin, Armenonville, and other good establishments) is chef.

The restaurant's several rooms, done in gray and white panelling, are always well filled at luncheon and at dinner. One can dine there very well for twenty-five or thirty francs, with a *vin ordinaire*, and if something special is desired and one will take the pains to order in advance, a most delicious meal will be forthcoming.

The cellars are creditable.

LE POULET EN COCOTTE

11 Rue Geoffroy Marie

ANOTHER establishment where Lyonnaise cooking prevails, this one authorized to advertise as *comme chez le Mère Fillioux*, Monsieur Morestin, proprietor of Le Poulet en Cocotte, having been associated with that restaurant in Lyons.

Specialties: Lyonnaise sausages, snails, delicious light fishballs with Nantua sauce, fat pullet in various styles, quail with raisins, hearts of artichokes with foie-gras and in other special manners, parfait praliné (ice cream that reminds one of the pralines of New Orleans).

Do not be mislead by the appearance of this little restaurant. It looks unimportant, but the cooking is remarkable, the prices are reasonable, and the wines are good.

An excellent table d'hôte dinner is served at thirty-five francs.

LA BÉCASSE SANS QUEUE

30 Rue Bergère

ANOTHER auberge, and a very new one (opened 1928), this small, cheerful establishment has already acquired a good train of clients by reason of its extremely good cooking, its pleasing "frame"—as the French put it—and the amiability of its proprietor, Monsieur Alfred Guernier. Norman dishes and game in season are specialties of the house and are, so far as my experience goes, invariably well prepared. The omelette Richmond, bécasse flambée vieil Armagnac (woodcock burned in old Armagnac), perdreau rôti sur toast de foie-gras (roast partridge on toast with foie-gras), and the tarts made by the establishment, are worthy of the most serious attention.

LE RELAIS DE LA BELLE AURORE

6 Rue Gomboust, near Avenue de l'Opéra

THIS pleasing restaurant, which opened with the year 1928, is named in honour of a woman known as "la belle Aurore," who, in the good old times, ran an inn in the neighbourhood. It is related that she lived to the age of 101, that she was a famous trencherwoman, that her last words were: "Hurry and bring the dessert!" and that she died before the dessert came.

The present Relais (relay: a place for changing horses) is a bright and cheerful little place, and for an establishment of its class is run very smartly. The dishes of each day are introduced with a flourish at the head of the

menu: "Bicard, master of the Relais, presents to-day for your indulgent dégustation"—and the list follows. The cooking, it may be added, is excellent. I retain, in particular, happy memories of an elaborate lot of hors d'œuvres, among them onions cooked with Corinthian grapes; also of Monsieur Bicard's delicious lobster, cooked with cognac, madeira, and cheese, and of a galette de Sans Culotte—a pastry bun with confiture (jam) and thick cream.

This establishment is what the French call a "*bon coin*."

LA CIGOGNE

17 Rue Duphot

THIS centrally located restaurant occupies two floors, is much used by the French, and is generally crowded. It specializes in Alsatian cooking and Alsatian wines, and even goes so far as to serve an "Alsatian cocktail"—whatever that may be. Its potato soup, trout, creamed chicken, and charcuterie (pork-butcher's products, such as sausages) are noteworthy, and its cellars contain a Reisling that is said to make any party a success.

À LA BICHE

37 Rue des Martyrs

FOUNDED in 1620 in the Rue de l'Echelle, this agreeable old-style restaurant moved to its present address in 1790 and has been doing business ever since. There are good wines, and the cooking is pretty fair, but the thing which

makes the restaurant notable is a mural decoration by the Russian painter Alexander Jacowlief, the same who crossed the Sahara in one of Citroën's early trick cars.

On the ground floor of the Hostellerie à la Biche one may see life-size portraits in crayon by Jacowlief, one of them a picture of three gourmets: Pauley, comedian of the Variétés, and Rouff and Curnonsky, joint authors of *The Yellow Guides for Epicures*—a drawing of extraordinary vigour and humour. But the masterpiece is the painting which covers four walls of the dining room upstairs, on what the French call the first, and we call the second, floor.

This mural painting of the triumph of Lucullus is a truly great piece of decoration, and certainly it is the most suitable restaurant decoration in the world. Around the walls, in charming colour, goes a procession of scenes showing the chase, love-making, cooking, drinking, Lucullus enthroned drawn by white oxen, a cask drawn by a centaur, a chef marching with a transparency of Brillat-Savarin, every conceivable aspect of the great epic of food and drink, interpreted with bubbling whimsicality by a master hand. Even an old renaissance wood-carving showing a *biche* (doe), the emblem of the house, is cleverly included in the Jacowlief mural, and the delight of it all is that, instead of going to see this splendid piece of art in a museum, one may sit and inspect it while lunching or dining.

LE GRAND VENEUR

6 Rue Demours

ONE receives a pleasant impression of space and orderliness when one enters the door. The room is high, and though the establishment advertises itself as an auberge, it has not the "aubergy" look, for the tables are not jammed together, and the ceilings are high, giving the large dining room an airiness particularly pleasant in hot weather. Moreover, for summer dining there is a pretty garden, with rows of tables sheltered by gay beach umbrellas, and here and there a cozy summerhouse.

It is a popular and altogether pleasing place with a grill and rôtisserie watched over by the proprietor in person, a collection of regional specialties too long to mention here, some good cheap wines, and some better wines still at fair prices.

AUX QUATRE SERGENTS DE LA
ROCHELLE*3 Boulevard Beaumarchais*

FOR many years this has been known as a good old-style establishment, probably the best in the quarter, which is that of the Bastille. It was founded in 1830, and Monsieur Delort, the proprietor, informs me that he is a descendant of the first proprietor, Dumont, intimate friend of the Four Sergeants for whom he named the eating-house. These men were participants in General Berton's conspiracy to overthrow the Bourbons and restore the

Bonapartes; they were tried, condemned to death, and guillotined in the Place de Grève before the Hôtel de Ville, September 21, 1822, and are buried in the cemetery of Montparnasse.

In the cellar of the restaurant there used to be a spring, the water of which had chemical properties beneficial in certain eye troubles. The spring, known as *la fontaine merveilleuse*, is now dried up, but a concoction said to be the same as that formerly supplied by nature is now made in the cellar by an old woman, who peddles it to the afflicted.

Under the Second Empire the Quatre Sergeants is said to have been a favourite resort of men of arts and letters. We are told that the younger Dumas, when he had his theatre in the Rue de Lyon, frequented this restaurant with such other figures of the time as Sardou, Paul de Kock, Déjazet, and Véron of the Opéra. The house has, at all events, the mellow air of other days, and the painting of the Four Sergeants in uniform, which hangs outside, is considered an historic souvenir.

Specialties of the restaurant are sole à la Bordelaise, pieds de mouton (sheep's feet), filet of beef prepared in manner long practised here, and chicken sauté à la Normande. Prices are reasonable and the wines are good, particularly the Bordeaux.

The Quatre Sergeants is a good house at which to lunch or dine in connection with a tour of the near-by district known as the Marais, with its many historic houses, among them the fascinating Musée Carnavalet, formerly the residence of Madame de Sévigné, and the Musée des Archives (seldom open), with its

priceless historic documents. The beautiful old Place des Vosges, centre of fashion in the reign of Louis XIV, is near at hand, and at No. 6 in that Place is the Musée Victor Hugo. Or, if one has already seen the Marais, one may turn to the right on leaving the restaurant and visit the delightful region of old streets and houses between the Rue St. Antoine (a continuation of the Rue de Rivoli) and the river—the Rue du Petit Musc, with a gorgeous old house at No. 1, facing the Seine, and a little way below, the ancient Hôtel de Sens, a residential fortress in its day. But to tour this district understandingly one needs a special guidebook, and to those who love the streets and houses of old Paris I confidently recommend the *Guide Pratique à travers le Vieux Paris* by De Rochegude and Dumolin.

Still another excursion which may be made with the Quatre Sergeants as a base, is to the beautiful and intensely interesting cemetery of Père Lachaise, named for the confessor of Louis XIV. It is doubtful if any other cemetery in the world contains the graves of so many persons of note. Here together are interred the famous lovers Héloïse and Abélard, who in the Twelfth Century inhabited the tiny Rue des Chantres on the north side of the Île de la Cité, near Notre-Dame. Lovers of to-day are wont to leave flowers at their tomb. Here also may be found the final resting place of Brillat-Savarin, prince of gourmets, of Hahnemann, founder of homeopathy, of the De Rochefoucauld family and the Rothschild family, of Presidents Faure and Thiers, of the chemists Gay-Lussac and Raspail; of the composers Chopin and Bizet; of the authors La Fontaine, Daudet, Balzac, and Oscar Wilde; of the poets Manuel and Béranger (buried in one grave), and Alfred de Musset. The theatre is represented by the tombs of Molière and Scribe, of Rachel and Sarah Bernhardt, and of Mesdemoiselles Dejazet, George, and Mars; sculpture by the tombs of Falguière, David d'Angers, and Baryé; painting by those of Ingres, Corot, Louis David, Daubigny, Eugène Delacroix, Ziem, Gustave Doré, and Rosa

Bonheur. Also Isabey, miniaturist, and Daumier, caricaturist, lie buried on the slopes of Père Lachaise.

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BŒUF À LA MODE

8 Rue de Valois

THIS is one of the city's ancient restaurants, having been established since 1792 in a house built by Cardinal Richelieu. The place has no special history, but the room to the left, as one enters, has the pleasant look of olden days, and the private dining rooms above have a like flavour. The main room, however, has been decorated in bad taste, greatly reducing the restaurant's charm. The menu, bearing a quaint picture of an ox in a feathered bonnet, long the emblem of the house, is familiar to countless visitors fond of exploring out-of-the-way corners of Paris.

The table of the restaurant is fair, and the cellars are not remarkable. I sometimes lunch there when paying a visit to historic corners of the Palais Royal, across the street.

RESTAURANT DU PROGRÈS

195 Avenue de Neuilly (Neuilly)

SOMEONE had told me that the Restaurant du Progrès was a shabby place, the resort of radicals, and I went there expecting to see Comrades with shaggy hair and dirty finger-nails waving their arms across the tables and discussing an ideal future in which the world should be

ruled by the unfit. But it wasn't like that at all. The establishment was spick and span with fresh-painted panelling, the clientele looked prosperous, and prices on the menu and the wine list, if not actually excessive, were at least 30 per cent. higher than I shall expect them to be when the millennium arrives.

"Do anarchists come here?" I asked the waiter.

"Not that I know of, monsieur."

"Socialists?"

"I don't know about that, monsieur. Our specialties this evening are entrecôte maison and poulet à la crème."

Well, perhaps the Progrès used to be a rendezvous of radicals. With prosperity it may have changed in that respect. Perhaps that is where the progress comes in. At all events, the cuisine is Lyonnaise, which means that there are many creamed dishes. I found the poulet à la crème (creamed chicken) delicious, and I drank a good Beaune of 1911. The restaurant offers Burgundies and champagnes of the best recent years, but I thought them priced a bit too high.

LE CHAPON FIN

161 Avenue Malakoff

THIS establishment faces the Porte Maillot, and being not far from Longchamps is frequented by gay crowds in the racing season. It is quite a large place, covering two floors, pleasingly decorated, and as racegoers are usually in a hurry a specialty is made of *plats du jour* (ready dishes) and of quick service. The proprietor, Monsieur

P. Schmidt, a Swiss, was the founder of the Grill Médicis, near the Luxembourg Gardens, but has been out here since 1923. His cooking is capable, but his choice of wines is small. In the summer there is an outdoor terrace with tables under beach umbrellas. A pleasant place.

L'ÉCREVISSE

32 Avenue Trudaine

MONSIEUR PAUL, proprietor of this establishment, is well known in Paris restaurant circles. He was at one time under-chef at Foyot's, later manager of the night restaurant called L'Abbaye, and still later of the Embassy Club, London. He opened his present establishment in 1923. There are good wines in his cellars. Music in the evening.



FIFTY-ONE LESSER RESTAU-
RANTS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS



CHAPTER V

GROUP FOUR: FIFTY-ONE LESSER RESTAURANTS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

IT SEEMS well here to remind the reader that my classifications are necessarily arbitrary and that they represent, finally, nothing more than an expression of my own opinion. Setting, service, cellars, and prices have been considered in addition to cuisine, and a fourth-group restaurant by no means implies a fourth-rate meal.

Broadly speaking, it will be found that prices run on a descending scale through my four groups of "serious" restaurants, but exceptions may be found. In other words, the groups tend to overlap at the edges. Throughout this book I have tried, however, to indicate such restaurants as are either conspicuously expensive or conspicuously cheap in their respective groups.

The majority of those who use my book will, I suppose, be in Paris on a holiday, with at least a moderate amount of money to spend on dining out; to such persons a good dinner in the right setting will be more important than a matter of a few francs one way or another, and for this

reason I have tried, in my groupings and descriptions, to suggest something of the atmosphere of such establishments as I have found most interesting.

In this group will be found many popular auberges, among them the first restaurant in Paris to call itself "auberge." Here also are the names of at least half a dozen eating-places, plain in appearance and very reasonable in their charges, where meals of remarkable quality are to be had.

MA NORMANDIE

35 Rue de Maubeuge

A NEW restaurant of the auberge type, with Normandy specialties: filet of sole Normande, fat Rouen duck, and wild duck in season, cooked in several styles, fowl roasted on the spit in a great fireplace, everything well cooked, and hard Norman cider, if you will, instead of wine.

The solicitous and agreeable host, Monsieur Réntier, is an authentic Norman, formerly of the Hôtel de France, Rouen.

A place above the average. Wines adequate. Prices moderate.

LE PETIT DURAND

27 Avenue Victor Hugo

WHEN the famous restaurant Durand in the Rue Royale closed in 1911, Monsieur Charriar, maître d'hôtel, bought

the tables, chairs and fixtures and installed them in a pleasant dining room in the Avenue Victor Hugo, where in those days a good restaurant was sorely needed. Inhabitants of the district, local merchants, politicians, and others give him a substantial luncheon clientele, and many old customers of the original restaurant come several times a year to dine at the old tables.

The Petit Durand has a good wine list. Medium prices. Private dining rooms with a special entrance around the corner.

CHEZ FRITZ KOBUS

44 Rue Ste. Anne

FRITZ KOBUS was a legendary gourmand, the central figure of Erckmann-Chatrian's novel *L'Ami Fritz*, and this restaurant is named for him because he was an Alsatian, and Alsatian dishes and wines are specialties here. Among these are Alsatian hors d'œuvres, bœuf Strasbourgeoise (a good beef dish but rather heavy), suprême de foie-gras, Alsatian tarts, soufflé au kirsch or aux confitures.

A pleasant place, presided over by an amiable hostess.

DELABORDE

23 Quai Malaquais

THIS restaurant, which has existed for a long time in its present position, across the river from the Louvre,

changed hands in 1921, when it was taken over by Monsieur S. J. Lafon, a former maître d'hôtel of the Restaurant Durand. In appearance Delaborde's is nothing. It is housed in a ramshackle building, the floors are bare, the decorations ugly, the equipment cheap. Nevertheless, it is a notable establishment in its class.

Evidently it is Monsieur Lafon's policy to keep down what a manufacturer would call his "overhead," and so keep down his prices—which are extraordinarily low. This policy is exemplified in the press used for making caneton à la Rouennaise (pressed duck). A silver press, such as is used at the Tour d'Argent or other fashionable places, costs upward of five hundred dollars, whereas Monsieur Lafon's press looks as if it cost five or ten. But it works, and the duck is good.

Among specialties of the house are Burgundy snails, foie-gras des Landes, and a great variety of game in season, cooked in all the best-known styles. The Restaurant Delaborde is a much better place than it looks.

MICHAUD

29 Rue des Saints Pères, corner Rue Jacob

MICHAUD's, which, by the way, is closed on Sundays, is a simple restaurant where the cooking is extremely good and the prices are moderate. The only trouble is that it is small and often crowded. The proprietor, Monsieur Raulo, who comes from the good town of Vannes, in Brittany, is his own chef, having acquired his art in the kitchens of a nobleman for whom his father worked as

gamekeeper. In the war he distinguished himself, having been twice severely wounded and twice decorated for heroism on the field of battle, once with the Croix de Guerre and once with the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

His customers are chiefly artists, journalists, and students, and among his specialties are filet of sole Michaud, filet of sole Mornay, bécasse flambé (woodcock singed in burning brandy), and roast pheasant with pommes paille (potato straws). Among wines a Hermitage Belle-Roche, light and full-flavoured, is recommended by the house, and I found it very good. Also I got a nice Côte Rôtie at twenty francs.

MARIUS

(JULES, Successor)

9 Rue de Bourgogne

UNPRETENTIOUS and inexpensive, Chez Marius has for fifty years occupied its present quarters in the old Rue de Bourgogne, just around the corner from the Place du Palais Bourbon. It is an old-style bourgeois restaurant, a place that gives one, when one sees it, the feeling that here will be found good cooking.

And one is not disappointed. Monsieur Jules knows his business. His wines are sound if not remarkable, his menu is varied, his specialties, most of which I have sampled, are extremely good, and some of them, such as his homard Laurence (lobster with a rich cream sauce), have real individuality. This is one of the restaurants to which I go when tired of fancy cooking—though I should not wish

you to understand from this that Jules is weak on dishes of the more elaborate kind.

COUTEAU
32 Avenue d'Orléans

COUTEAU means "knife," but that has nothing to do with it, for the name of the proprietor is (translated) Mr. Knife, and knife, assuredly, is not a bad name for a good cook.

The place has been called Couteau only since 1913, when the present host took charge. Before that it was for some fifty or sixty years known by the name of the original owner, Leblanc, who made a reputation in this outlying district, then largely occupied by fields which, before the French Revolution, had belonged to convents.

Following the war the Restaurant Couteau became a rendezvous of modernist painters, Piccabia and others, and writers of the ultra-modern French school. But don't worry—it doesn't look like that. It is in fact so modest in appearance and charges that the guest may well be surprised at the quality of his meal. I have dined there several times and have been much struck with the delicacy of the cuisine, and I am assured by fastidious friends that if one wishes to give a special dinner and arranges matters with Monsieur Couteau a day or two ahead, he can be sure of a feast such as might reasonably be expected only in one of the city's foremost eating-places.

RAMPONNEAU

18 Rue Condorcet

NAMED for a cabaret and wine shop which stood in this neighbourhood in 1760, the modern Restaurant Ramponneau, established 1924, proclaimed its purpose of maintaining the traditions of its namesake, and to that end attempts by various means to create an old-time atmosphere. The walls bear paintings said to reproduce those of the original cabaret, of which an engraving exists; the menu is chalked upon a slate suspended from a wrought-iron standard which is trundled around to the tables, and the wine list is headed by a prologue which, translated, reads as follows:

Wine is a living thing. It is animated by a natural spirit so varied that one can recognize it listening with closed eyes, and its song is so diverse that we quickly distinguish its origin and its personality.

What with this, and the epilogue at the end of the wine list, and a lot of other *chichi*, I was so diverted chez Ramponneau that I don't remember much about my dinner or my wine, save that everything was good. Which is perhaps enough.

I was, however, told that in winter a table d'hôte dinner is given once a week at fifty francs, and that with this dinner a variety of important wines is served in order that guests may taste and compare them.

"Who runs this restaurant?" I asked the maître d'hôtel.

"I do, monsieur, but it is a company."

"Your name?"

"That is of no importance—it is a company."

"Where did you get your experience?"

"I have been employed in the best restaurants, but that is of no importance." And with a suspicious eye upon the notebook I had drawn from my pocket he added: "If Monsieur is thinking of writing about us, that is not necessary. With but thirteen tables we have five thousand known clients, besides people who drift in. I thank Monsieur, but we desire no publicity."

RAMPONNEAU

21 Avenue Marceau

and

21 Rue du Vieux Colombier

BRANCHES of the above-mentioned house.

LA BONNE AUBERGE

5 Rue Ste. Anne

A SMALL, pleasant restaurant, plain in appearance but well conducted, run by the Brothers Blondet who are also proprietors of the restaurant Comm' Chez Soi. The quality of the food, the cooking, and the service are absolutely dependable, and prices are reasonable. Being at the centre of the commercial district the restaurant is most frequented at midday, and its clients are chiefly men of business.

PAUL SÉBILLON

11 bis, Rue Villebois Mareuil, corner Rue Bayen

MONSIEUR SÉBILLON, formerly associated with his brother Charles at the restaurant Paris-Bar, is now running a little auberge of his own. His cooking is simple, sound, and good, his prices are not exorbitant, and he has some old *fine* (brandy) that is worth looking into. He is also proprietor of the inn called L'Aubergade at Pontchartrain, twenty-five miles from Paris.

AU PETIT COIN

16 Rue Feydeau, corner due des Panoramas

A SMALL, pleasant, and moderate-priced restaurant, one of the best of its class in Paris. It is located near the Bourse, where there is much competition, but is well able to hold its own. Monsieur Jarlaud, the proprietor, has been here since 1913, with the exception of the war period, when he served with American Sanitary Section 523. He speaks excellent English and is a good host. His specialties are Burgundy snails, turbot, sole, kidneys, and chicken, all cooked in the manner of the house.

A very popular place, and rightly so.

LA PETITE AUBERGE

54 Rue Cardinet

A VERY good little place, not too "aubergy" in appearance, advertising and practising the *vieille cuisine français*, and

specializing in the wine of Vouvray. All dishes cooked to order. A pleasant clientele and moderate prices. For dessert try the tarte flambée.

RESTAURANT CASENAVE

(AZÉMAR, Successor)

11 Rue Ste. Anne

ORIGINALLY founded by Jean Casenave, this restaurant changed hands some years ago, but has lost neither its merit nor its popularity. Monsieur Azémar is a good restaurateur and follows the old Casenave policy; that is, instead of attempting to dazzle clients with a stupendous menu, he offers a small but entirely sufficient choice of dishes, selected with due regard to variety, and carefully and skilfully prepared. In this way waste is avoided, and Monsieur Azémar's clients profit by the saving.

The restaurant puts on no frills, but is a comfortable place. It is patronized chiefly by business men of the neighbourhood, and is less crowded in the evening than at midday. Specialties changed daily.

AUBERGE DU CLOU

30 Avenue Trudaine

ONE of the chief distinctions of this house is its reputation for being the first restaurant in Paris to call itself an auberge. It was founded in 1883, long before the present

auberge epidemic took possession of the town, and its two original proprietors, Messieurs Mussot and Tomachet, were well-known figures in Montmartre when it was but a village, and a city gate stood where is now the riotous Place Blanche. Mussot even wore lace cuffs, they say!

Monsieur Bataille, who has been host of the auberge for more than twenty years past, was formerly a chef, and besides running a good kitchen in which everything is cooked to order, has preserved the flavour of the Auberge du Clou as it ought to be preserved, including the timbered ceiling, the nice old windows, the pots and pans, and the drawings and prints, many of them by Montmartre artists of another day.

The word *clou* means "nail," and designs in nails figure largely in the decoration of the place; but the word "nail" in French has a slang connotation, meaning "pawn-broker," and it is said that in naming the auberge, Monsieur Mussot, who was himself an artist, intended a jest, the point being that artists of the neighbourhood used often to pay with drawings for their meals.

One of these early denizens of the Auberge du Clou was the great illustrator Willette, and his humorous drawing of a rabbit nailed up by the ears with a great *clou* is still used on the restaurant's billheads. In those days there was an all-night cabaret in the cellar, and the room was decorated by Willette, but in 1906 the cabaret was closed, and the space it occupied was given over to wine bins, so Willette's mural drawings are no longer to be

seen, though traces of them still exist behind the dusty bottles.

AUBERGE DU PÈRE LOUIS

7 Rue de la Boule Rouge

RESTAURANTS patronized by theatre folk the world over have a flavour of their own, and this little auberge, just down the block from the entrance of the Folies-Bergère, is a Parisian equivalent of Pagani's in London as it used to be, or of Browne's Chop House on a Broadway of long ago. The place is decorated with old plates, drinking mugs, and cooking utensils, and the walls are hung with photographs and sketches of theatrical celebrities. Spitted chicken and frogs' legs are among the specialties of the house. The cooking is competent, and the prices are fair.

AUBERGE DU PÈRE LOUIS

17 Rue de Ponthieu

A BRANCH of the above establishment.

AUBERGE DU PET DE NONNE

77 Boulevard de Courcelles

I HAVE lunched and dined many times in this restaurant and have always found it crowded. The crowd, however, seems to be a special crowd; many of the clients know each other, they chat gaily back and forth from table to

table, or get up and visit one another, and I once saw a girl make friends with a young man over his bulldog.

Becoming acquainted with Monsieur Fortune Moja, the restaurant's proprietor, I asked about his clients. "They come from all over Paris," he said. "Some are in the government service, some are business men, some journalists, some act in the cinema, and that pretty little lady with the three young gentlemen is a mannequin from Paquin's. My clients know me and I know them."

With almost all the specialties of the restaurant I am familiar. There are curried chicken on Sunday, Hungarian goulash on Tuesday, bouillabaisse on Thursday, and always among the sweets the *beignet* (fritter) vulgarly called "*pet de nonne*," which gives the place its name. The cooking and the wines I have invariably found acceptable, but when I analyze I see that it was, above all, the thought of a sparkling company that drew me back so often to the Pet de Nonne.

MÉDICIS GRILLROOM

4 Place Edmond Rostand, at Luxembourg Gardens

A POPULAR eating-place, much used by Americans of the St. Michel-Luxembourg neighbourhood. Founded some years ago by Monsieur P. Schmidt, now proprietor of Le Chapon Fin, opposite the Porte Maillot. The present proprietor, Monsieur Émile Bassaille, knows his business and runs a good house. His wines are well selected and reasonable.

LA CÔTELETTE

41 Rue de la Rochefoucauld

PLAID tablecloths, timbered ceilings, and all the trimmings that impart the auberge flavour. The *rôtisserie* and grill connected with the establishment are across the street at No. 48, and the lives of waiters are made precarious by frequent dashes back and forth through Montmartre-bound traffic—for La Côtelette is halfway up The Hill. There has been a restaurant here since 1855, but the present management dates back only to 1922.

Instead of offering a large and heterogeneous menu, Monsieur Charles, proprietor of La Côtelette, lists a limited number of dishes in each course, and a *plat du jour* carefully prepared. His wines are better than those usually found in a restaurant of this grade, and his prices are reasonable.

The house is associated with the *Cochon du Lait*, on the other side of the river, near the Odéon.

LION D'OR

72 Avenue de Villiers

THE Lion d'Or, I am told, has stood on its present site, in a somewhat unfrequented district of broad tree-lined avenues, since 1865, and I understand that its founder was brother of the Radelet who long ago ran the Lion d'Or at Rheims. Since 1903 it has had as its proprietor Monsieur L. Perrot, an excellent host, and it is favourably known throughout the quarter. Its dining rooms up-

stairs and down are agreeable, its cuisine is excellent, and prices are moderate. It is a place to remember when the plaid napery of auberges is getting on your nerves and you want a tranquil meal in the good old-fashioned manner—or when you don't want to run into anyone you know.

GAUCLAIR

96 Rue Richelieu

A SMALL and very plain old house dating from 1810, and run ever since by family connections of the founder. It is frequented chiefly by Parisian business men and has little interest for the average stranger. The cooking is however good, and prices are in the medium range. Specialties: sole de la maison, rognons (kidneys) Gauclair, veal in casserole. A good cellar, featuring the wines of Touraine and Anjou.

LE GRILLON

4 Rue Brémontier

MONSIEUR LÉON GUEUGNON, who established this pleasant little house in 1926, is a Burgundian, and began his working life as an apprentice cook at the age of fifteen. He has been employed in the kitchens of some of the best restaurants of Paris and was for a time chef at Lapérouse. The cooking at Le Grillon (the Cricket) is done under his eye, and his specialties are small turbot, kidneys, chicken, mushrooms, and crêpes. His poulet maison (chicken with an exquisitely delicate sauce composed of foie gras, fresh cream, and port) is comparable with the poulet au porto

of the Restaurant L'Âne Rouge or the poulet Suédoise of Beaugé. The setting is agreeable, and prices are low.



Duc DE BOURGOGNE

Place d'Anvers

A cozy little place in the auberge style on the way up to Montmartre. The food is very good. Some creditable wines are listed, but the prices on the wine list are rather high. An excellent place for visitors who like to search out "quaint" little restaurants not too near the stomach of the city.

AUBERGE DE LA FER-DU-CHEVAL

42 Rue de la Montagne Ste. Geneviève

THE name of this little restaurant, and the name of the street on which it is situated, combine to establish a record for length. The district is an old and interesting one, the street itself having been the Roman road to Lyons, and, in the Middle Ages, full of colleges. The Auberge de la Fer-du-Cheval (Horseshoe) occupies an old building, and is, so far as I know, the best restaurant in its immediate region—a region in which I am fond of prowling.

The churches of St. Étienne du Mont and St. Médard, near by, are two of the most interesting in Paris. The former has a Sixteenth Century rood-screen, magnificent in its design and carving, and the stained-glass windows (Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries) are very fine.

The Panthéon, situated on the highest point in this part of the

city, is the burial place of many of France's historic dead: Sainte Geneviève, patron saint of Paris, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire, La Tour d'Auvergne, "First Grenadier of France," Victor Hugo, Emile Zola, and others. Mirabeau and Marat were interred here with great ceremony, but their remains were afterwards contemptuously thrown out. Puvis de Chavannes's famous mural decorations, showing scenes in the life of Sainte Geneviève, are among the chief treasures of the Panthéon; also Houdon's statue of Voltaire and Rodin's bust of Puvis de Chavannes.

Behind the Panthéon are many picturesque old streets worth rambling in: the Rue Clovis, Rue Descartes, Impasse Clopin, Rue Thouin, Place de la Contrescarpe, and, beyond the Place, a small district of mediæval looking slums. If one passes through these slums one has not far to walk to find the little park in which is situated the Roman arena unearthed not many years ago.

CHAULAND

Esplanade des Invalides, corner Rue de l'Université

THE greatest charm of Chauland's is its position, facing the tree-bordered Esplanade, which makes tables on the sidewalk terrace much desired in mild weather. The restaurant dates from before the war and has the air of a comfortable old place. One is advised to consult the maître d'hôtel about one's order and find out what is good. I have dined there but once, and on that occasion got a tough quarter of lamb, but discriminating friends assure me that this was merely bad luck, such as one may have almost anywhere, and that the fare at Chauland's is generally good. The atmosphere, at all events, is pleasant, the clientele agreeable, and the cellars contain Burgundies of several good recent years.

Specialties: trout meunière, mackerel with white wine sauce, lobster, frogs' legs, bœuf à la mode, curried lamb, braised sweetbreads, chicken cocotte. Also grilled meats. Prices in the middle range.

AUX NYMPHES MÉDICIS

16 Rue de Médicis, opposite Luxembourg Gardens

MONSIEUR LOUIS ARNOULT, who has recently taken over this establishment, was formerly chef to the Duc de Luynes and the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, as well as in hotels and clubs in England. Before his advent the place was little more than a pastry shop, but he has made it into an agreeable restaurant. The hedged terrace facing the Luxembourg Gardens, across the street, is extremely pleasant in warm weather. Ices and pastries are among the specialties.

CHIEN VERT

4 Rue du Faubourg St. Martin

A PLEASANT "aubergy" little place, just off the Grand Boulevards, away down by the Porte St. Martin, in an old part of the city not much visited by Americans. The place specializes in hors d'œuvres in infinite variety and in fowls roasted on the spit. The table is good, the service sympathetic, the "frame" pleasant, and the prices low.

À LA BRIOCHE DE FOIE-GRAS

80 Boulevard Beaumarchais

THIS place, formerly Chez Farcy, is now run by Monsieur Allard, a good host, who has been a cook in several distinguished restaurants of Paris and of London. The region is not one in which good eating-places abound, so his pleasant establishment is something of an oasis.

A restaurant, like an individual, can easily be spoiled by too much popularity; the Brioche de Foie-Gras is not near enough to the centre of things to be, as a rule, crowded, and Monsieur Allard evidently makes a special effort to attract and hold a patronage, part of which, at least, comes from afar. His cooking is quite as good as that offered in many more expensive restaurants, and the prices on his menu and on his wine list are on the whole very low. His brioche de foie-gras is admirable, and so are such other specialties of his as I have tasted.

POCCARDI

9 Boulevard des Italiens

AN ITALIAN restaurant, always overcrowded. Good spaghetti and a full line of greasy Italian food. The cellars contain an exceptionally complete collection of Italian wines; but to drink Italian wines in France is much like smoking Mexican cigars in Cuba. The establishment has a bar at 36 Rue St. Marc, and still another restaurant under the same management has recently been opened near by.

The restaurants Poccardi are enormously successful with the Boulevard mob, having taken second place among all Paris restaurants in a popular voting contest conducted by the newspaper *Paris Midi* (See pages 71-2).

AU PETIT RICHE

25 Rue le Peletier

A TYPICAL, plain, French business men's restaurant which has been in the same location since about 1870, always good and always growing. Like an old inn, it has no main dining room, but consists of a string of rooms that makes one think of a train of cars. Monsieur Bénard has been proprietor for more than thirty years, and is an expert in wines, a specialty of the house being wines of Anjou and Touraine. At the head of the menu is a portrait of Rabelais, with the verse which Rabelais put in the mouth of Gargantua:

REFILL YOUR EMPTY GLASS,
EMPTY YOUR FULL GLASS;
I CANNOT BEAR TO SEE IN THY HAND
THY GLASS NEITHER EMPTY NOR FULL.

Au Petit Riche is a restaurant making not the slightest show of style, but its merit is solid and its clientele the same, consisting of bankers, brokers, journalists, jewellers, and silversmiths from the Rue de Provence, and heads of departments from the great stores of the Boulevard Haussmann, not far distant. At lunch it is always crowded, but in the evening the atmosphere is more calm.

An excellent place if you are looking for a bourgeois meal, well cooked, with good wine, all at a low price.

FIN BEC

7 Rue Roy

A GOOD little place in the auberge style. Excellent food at reasonable prices. Popular.

AU CUL BLANC

27 Rue du Colisée,

39 Rue de Châteaudun,

and

22 Avenue Niel

OF THESE three restaurants, run by a company, the first listed, which is the newest, seems to me the most attractive; the other two tend to plaid tablecloths and all that with them goes. The establishment in the Avenue Niel is the parent house and has for some time been one of the popular eating-places of the neighbourhood—that of the Place des Ternes. The Rue Châteaudun house has a pleasant interior with agreeable lighting. The cooking in all three is adequate, prices are reasonable, and the wines will do.

LA POULE AU POT

10 Avenue Trudaine

MONSIEUR ESCALLE, proprietor of the Poule au Pot, has for more than thirty years been a cook in Paris and has worked in many restaurants of high order. He has lately

redecorated his restaurant, and has had the good sense not to do it in the auberge style. There is no affectation about the place. It looks like an honest comfortable eating-place, and such it is. Among its specialties are puchero (a Spanish soup resembling pot au feu), sole au vin Jurançon (sole cooked with a wine from the South), veal kidneys in armagnac, chicken Spanish style, duck cooked with champagne, and the usual crêpes. The cuisine is supervised by the proprietor—always a good thing—and an excellent luncheon or dinner may be had at a very reasonable rate. I regard it as one of the best restaurants of this group. Try the poulet au porto.

AU BON VIGNERON

67 Rue Blanche, corner Rue Mansart

MONSIEUR JULES BRETON, who in 1919 founded this restaurant, died in 1928. Under his management the place gained prestige by serving good meals, and wines of the best recent years, at moderate prices. A table d'hôte luncheon, wine included, was served at twenty-eight francs, and on Tuesdays and Fridays one could have all the wine one wanted without extra payment. Dinner was à la carte. The company which has operated the place since Monsieur Breton's death has continued his policies, and Au Bon Vigneron still maintains a good reputation as a plain, honest eating-house. The kitchens are across the street at No. 82, and waiters rush back and forth through Montmartre-bound traffic, as they do at La Côtelette.

ALICE

21 Rue St. Roch

AN EXCELLENT place with honest Alsatian cooking and wines. Specialties: Noix de veau (veal), poulet à l'estragon (chicken with estragon), clafoutis au kirsch (delicious cherry and custard pie with kirsch). The Anjou wine served in carafe is good and low priced; so is the food.

LÉGION D'HONNEUR

Corner Boulevard St. Germain and Rue Solférino

A VERY unpretentious but good small restaurant. The food is low in price but is of excellent quality, and the cooking is better than that of many establishments which put on more airs. I recall having eaten here a rognon maison (kidney cooked in the special manner of the house, with a cream and port wine sauce) that would have done credit to any chef in Paris.

CHEZ MARIANNE

72 Boulevard de Clichy

AN AMUSING and inexpensive place on one of the main boulevards of Montmartre, presided over by the amiable red-haired lady with the big pearl earrings who watches also over the destinies of the sea-food restaurant À l'Homard, near the Étoile. The food Chez Marianne is good enough, and documents dating from the time of the French Revolution hang on the walls of an upstairs dining room.

Marianne's is the seat of government of the Republic of Montmartre, a burlesque government whose officials—artists and other play-boys of the region—have quasi-solemn celebrations every year. Montparnasse, on the other side of the river, has also its mime of independent government, and the Île St. Louis has a Doge.

RESTAURANT ST. GERMAIN

165 Boulevard St. Germain, corner Rue du Dragon

A BRIGHT little restaurant opened in 1928 in a quarter much frequented by students and by Americans. There are two floors; the setting is agreeable, the cuisine is pretty good, and the wines suffice.

The Café des Deux Magots, diagonally across the Boulevard at the corner of the Place St. Germain des Prés, has long been a favourite gathering place of students, and of Americans inhabiting the district. The café is an old one and a story is told of a wit of other days who became annoyed with his waiter and called for the proprietor. The latter, however, took the waiter's part.

"Let me speak to your associate," demanded the irate guest.

"My associate? I have no associate."

"Then," demanded the other, "why do you call your place Café of the *two* maggots?"

From a seat on the terrace of the Deux Magots, looking towards the Place, one faces St. Germain des Prés, the oldest church in Paris, and the only one in which the transition from Romanesque to early Gothic architecture may be clearly traced. The three lower sections of the western bell tower were built at the end of the Tenth or the beginning of the Eleventh Century, and the nave and choir in the Twelfth Century.

The old streets of this entire region are rich in interest.

At No. 50 Rue de Rennes, a few steps from the Place, are the remains of the ancient Cour du Dragon, now much changed but still worth seeing (carved stone dragon over entrance). The Rue du Dragon, a Fifteenth Century street one block to the west, is full of the flavour of old Paris. In an attic at No. 30 in this street, Victor Hugo wrote, in 1822, his *Odes and Ballads*, with the proceeds of which, about one hundred dollars, he bought a cashmere shawl for Adèle Foucher.

AU PETIT PAILLARD

7 Rue de Duras

A SIMPLE restaurant in which the proprietor, Monsieur J. Seriset, is his own chef. His good fare and low prices bring him a large and pleasant clientele.

PAULINE

5 Rue Villedo

A PLAIN and popular little place, usually so crowded that strangers plump down in the vacant seat at your table, or you at theirs. Don't drop your hat, for there is sawdust on the floor. Because the cooking is so good and the prices are so low, the restaurant commands a faithful following, and many clients have their own napkin rings. The waitresses, it may be added, are noted for their amiability.

I like Pauline's. It has character.

LA POULE EN CHEMISE

6 Rue d'Armaillé

THE word *poule*, meaning "hen," is also slang for "girl" or "gay woman," and one supposes that the name of this garishly decorated restaurant (opened in December, 1927) is intended to amuse. A dish listed on the menu as *poule en chemise* consists of a chicken sewn into a cotton wrapping and cooked en casserole. The waiter exhibits it to the guest, whereafter, with scissors, he rips off the "chemise," but to my mind this process is not appetizing, for I do not enjoy seeing cloth in gravy. Moreover, I make bold to doubt that the flavour of a chicken is improved by cooking in this manner, and I suspect that the stunt was devised to fit the restaurant's name, and for no other purpose.

My dinner and my wine at the Poule en Chemise were fair, and the price was moderate. The restaurant is under the same management as Louigi's Bar, 6 Rue du Colisée, where meals are also served.

COCHON DE LAIT

7 Rue Corneille

A NEW place near the Luxembourg Gardens and at the side of the Théâtre de l'Odéon, this *rôtisserie* shows that conscious striving for the "quaint" which has of late become so irritating in Parisian restaurants of the middle class. Among the specialties are *hors d'œuvres*, roast suckling

pig, spitted chicken, duck, goose, and *tarte maison* (pastry with fruit according to season). The establishment seems to be popular, and it has for exhibition purposes a cellar containing, so far as I could discover, no bottles of consequence. I was taken into this cellar and given with great ceremony a glass of *fine*, supposedly very choice, but it was nothing to write home about.

LA PERGOLA

23 Avenue du Maine

THIS modest auberge was opened in the summer of 1928 by a capable restaurateur who comes from the south of France and specializes in dishes of the Franc Comtoise region. His cuisine is all right, and he has a St. Emilion of his own bottling at fifteen francs that struck me as a bargain. Prices moderate.

JOUVEN

*124 Boulevard Montparnasse,
corner Rue Leopold Robert*

OF THE small cheap restaurants in which the Montparnasse district abounds, Jouven is perhaps the best. For many years it has stood within a few hundred feet of the Dôme and the Rotonde, but without drawing its clientele from that gay *carrefour*. Its patrons seem to consist chiefly of substantial Frenchmen who like good,

simple cooking. The soups are excellent, the plats du jour of meat and vegetables are appetizing and wholesome, and the desserts, while very simple, have real merit. I have a friend who goes to Jouven once or twice a week to get a syrupy baked apple (*pomme bonne femme*). The prices are very low and the portions generous.

A cheerful, satisfying little "corner."

RESTAURANT DU COUCOU

Place Calvaire, just off Place du Tertre

FOR the history of this picturesque little establishment see Introduction. The neighbouring Place du Tertre, which twenty years ago resembled the sleepy central square of a small village, is now entirely commercialized. Tourist-laden busses run up there, and in summer the whole centre of the Place is jammed with the tables of competing restaurants, whose waiters solicit trade like so many Coney Island barkers. The Coucou, just around the corner, is away from this annoying congestion, and is a pleasant place for outdoor dinner on a balmy evening.

AUBERGE DE LA COMÉTE 1811

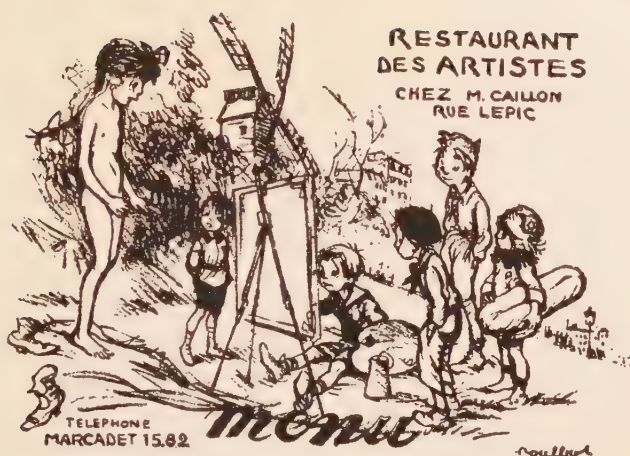
42 Rue de Vaugirard

A PLAIN little place in a picturesque old building opposite the Luxembourg Gardens. The menu tells me that the *patron* does the cooking himself. He does it fairly well, and his prices are modest.

BEULEMANS

204 Boulevard St. Germain

AN AUBERGE-LIKE place with a bar, specializing in the cuisine of Belgium. The dining room on the second floor has a ceiling decorated with amusing figures. Prices moderate.



SPECIALIZED RESTAURANTS

RESTAURANTS WITH DANCING

RESTAURANTS WITH ENTERTAINERS

RUSSIAN RESTAURANTS

SUMMER RESTAURANTS

RESTAURANTS OF THE MARKETS

RESTAURANTS OF THE ABATTOIRS

SEA-FOOD RESTAURANTS

PICTURESQUE ODDITIES

CELEBRATED CAFÉS

BRASSERIE RESTAURANTS

AMERICAN FOOD

AFTERNOON TEA

NIGHT CLUBS



RESTAURANTS WITH DANCING,
ENTERTAINMENT, OR BOTH



CHAPTER VI

RESTAURANTS WITH DANCING, ENTERTAINMENT, OR BOTH

TO THE old-style French restaurateur the idea of dancing at mealtime is anathema, and his prejudice is shared by gourmets. Neither from the standpoint of health, nor from that of æsthetics, should eating and exercise be practised simultaneously, and there is, in fact, hardly more excuse for a dance floor than for a gymnasium in a dining place. There are those who even object to music with their meals, and in Belgium there exists a club composed of disciples of Lucullus who go still further, making it a rule not to speak during their repasts, so that entire attention may be given to the wines and viands.

The maître d'hôtel of one of the most distinguished restaurants in Paris lately told me that the craze for dancing had seriously affected business in some of the fine old eating-places. "We hope and believe that the mania will pass," he said, "and we would close rather than yield to it."

It was his conviction that a restaurant in which danc-

ing is permitted must inevitably deteriorate. A fine chef, he pointed out, has the pride of an artist; he carefully prepares a dish and sends it fragrant and steaming to the table, but as the waiter serves it the jazz strikes up and everyone rushes to the dance floor; meanwhile the food gets cold, and the chef, perceiving that his best efforts are treated with contempt, becomes cynical and ceases to exert himself.

The dance craze came to Paris from the United States during the war. American officers and doughboys on leave wished to be gay, so they danced; the contagion spread to other armies, and after the war it continued.

Most visitors in Paris want to see some of these lively restaurants, and it is only just to say that the cuisine in not a few of them is surprisingly good. However, if the reader is wise he will take his dinner, his coffee, and his liqueur with as much tranquillity as possible and reserve his dancing until later.

CIRO'S

6 Rue Daunou

IN MY younger days *Ciro's* did not exist in Paris, having been originally a little restaurant-bar at Monte Carlo. There the place was discovered by the late James Gordon Bennett, erratic and picturesque proprietor of the *New York Herald*, who pushed *Ciro* to success. The Monte Carlo establishment was bought in 1910 by Mr. Hobson, an Englishman, and the Paris house was opened in February, 1912, under the management of one Rizzi,

who was succeeded by one Philippe, and later by Julien and Maurice, those twin *maîtres d'hôtel*, young, shrewd, polite, observant, and infinitely skilful, who used to work together at the *Café de Paris* and are largely responsible for the great success of *Ciro's*. They have the most astounding memories, this pair; once you are known at *Ciro's* you may stay away for years, yet be certain that they will welcome you by name when you return—and that, as we are all aware, is a form of flattery dear to the heart of a certain type of rich, or would-be-rich, cosmopolite. Among the persons you will see about you at *Ciro's* are many such cosmopolites: prominent cigarette endorsers, beauty-cream endorsers, bed-spring endorsers, eminent divorcées, and jewel-wearers, "celebrities" of the type caricatured by the clever artist Sem, in his annual albums—which, if you have not seen them, are worth looking at, and will be shown you by Julien or Maurice upon request.

In the winter Maurice is generally in charge of the Paris establishment while Julien runs *Ciro's* at Monte Carlo, and in the summer Julien generally takes command in Paris, while Maurice goes to *Ciro's* at Deauville. *Ciro's* in London is a night club and is not operated by the same company; nevertheless, members of the London *Ciro's* are allowed a discount of 10 per cent. on their bills at the three Continental establishments of the same name.

For the benefit of sightseers who want to "take in" *Ciro's* as they take in the Louvre and Notre Dame, a few directions are perhaps advisable. At the average

Parisian restaurant eight o'clock is a good hour at which to dine, but at *Ciro's* half-past nine or ten is the best hour. It is well to reserve your table and give your order in advance—a good practice anywhere. Wear your best clothes and all your jewellery. The room to the left of the entrance, beyond the bar, is considered more chic than the room to the right, and if you must forget to bring either your platinum cigarette case or your pocketbook, let it be the former, for however much you may need a cigarette you will need your pocketbook more.

There is, however, some excuse for high charges in establishments like *Ciro's* and the *Café de Paris*, for these are restaurants *de grand luxe*, and besides a heavy overhead, due to expensive location, equipment, and staff, taxes are very high.

Before the war there were a few fashionable restaurants such as *Voisin's*, the *Café de Paris*, the *Café Laurent*, and the elegant dining places of the Bois de Boulogne, where prices were not indicated on the menus. But all that is changed. Now every restaurant and hotel is obliged by law to post outside its door a menu on which the cost of each dish is clearly marked. Menus are inspected by a government commission, and as prices are high or low, so the restaurant is classified for taxation, the tax ranging from 4 per cent. of the gross income to $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.—the latter rate being for resorts in which there is dancing after midnight.

Ciro's is distinctly a showy establishment. The cooking and service are excellent, but the cellars are only fair.

Dancing in the evening.

CHEZ VICTOR

30 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré

A NEW and fashionable dancing restaurant with a good cuisine and skilful professional dancers. Also a bar. The place is frequented by members of the British Embassy's staff—probably because Victor used to run a place in London, where he had a fashionable following.

One of the most popular establishments of its kind. Open for luncheon, tea, dinner and supper.

CAFE DES AMBASSADEURS

1 Avenue Gabriel, Carré des Champs Élysées

A BRILLIANT and atrociously expensive dancing and entertainment restaurant, open only in summer, with a good show and first-rate ventilation. (See page 170.)

CHÂTEAU DE MADRID

Just Outside Bois de Boulogne

A VERY fashionable and expensive open-air restaurant with dancing and a show. (See page 166.)

ARMENONVILLE

Bois de Boulogne

ONE of the best tea-dancing and dinner-dancing places in the Bois. Charming summer setting. (See page 168.)

PRÉ CATELAN

Bois de Boulogne

ANOTHER first-class place in the Bois, particularly attractive in summer. Dancing. (See page 168.)

L'HERMITAGE

Bois de Boulogne

AN AGREEABLE place, open later in the season than most other establishments of this region. (See page 169.)

LE PAVILLON ROYAL

Bois de Boulogne

THE jazz here is French and French jazz is not generally good. (See page 169.)

BŒUF SUR LE TOIT

26 Rue Penthièvre

THIS restaurant was started several years ago in the Rue Boissy d'Anglas and was popular with a set of super-sophisticated young literary men and their friends. It consisted of an unpleasant bar, and a pleasant dining room with a tiny dance floor at the centre; and as the meals were good and the clients interesting it was popular from the first with everyone except the neighbours, who complained that the continuance of jazz to 2 A. M. disturbed their beauty sleep. As a result the place was forced to choose between closing at an earlier hour or moving, and the latter course was taken.

The restaurant's new quarters in the Rue de Penthievre, a little farther removed from the centre of things, are much larger and more brilliant, the decorations being gaudily modernistic. The walls seem to be covered with gold rope, mirrors are used with unusual cleverness, and the lighting, which includes curious opalescent effects in the ceiling, and illuminated flower-receptacles upon the tables, is bright and pleasing. At the front is a modernistic bar.

The one dinner I have had at the new *Bœuf sur le Toit* was better than one has a right to expect in a dancing restaurant.

There is dancing at tea-time and from 10 P. M. to 2 A. M.



CAFÉ DE PARIS

41 Avenue de l'Opéra

THE present Café de Paris was founded in 1893, and though named, as has elsewhere been said, for an older establishment, it has ample prestige of its own and remains to-day one of the best, and one of the most expensive, of Parisian eating-places—though the unique prestige it once enjoyed with the mammon worshippers has of late years been somewhat impaired by the rise of *Ciro's* and the *Hôtel Ritz*.

Whereas at *Larue's* those concerned about such matters prefer tables to the left of the entrance, at the Café de Paris they prefer the right side of the room. Neither here nor at *Ciro's* is there music during luncheon, but there is dancing at both places in the evening, and, if I am

not mistaken, the Café de Paris was the first restaurant *de grand luxe* to yield to the dancing craze. This yielding began with exhibition dances at supper time. It was at the Café de Paris in 1910 that I first saw the late Maurice Mouvet dance, and it was from there that Maurice went to his successes in New York, in the days when what we now call "night clubs" were being introduced as "cabarets" on Broadway.

The Café de Paris is one of a chain of chic restaurants operated by a company in which the moving spirit is Monsieur Louis Barrya, long known as one of the most capable restaurateurs in the city. The associated establishments are the Pré Catelan and Armenonville in the Bois de Boulogne, and Fouquet's on the Avenue des Champs Élysées.

The cooking at the Café de Paris is of high order, the setting is smart, and the cellars are adequate.

HENRY'S

30 Rue St. Augustin, Place Gaillon

ONE of the old-time restaurants of Paris used to stand on this site. It was the place of Grosse Tête, whose establishment existed for a century, and was bought in 1897 by Henry, a former maître d'hôtel at Paillard's, then one of the world's great restaurants.

Henry, an old acquaintance of his tells me, started in business with a small capital and in seven years retired with a fortune, selling to a company headed by Monsieur Pardon, a wine merchant of Bercy. And, my informant

adds, Henry, in his retirement, suffered greatly from ennui.

While he ran the restaurant it was a place of rare distinction, but since then it has given in to the dancing craze, and has "galas" and all that sort of nonsense. Nevertheless, there are fine wines remaining in its cellars, and the cooking is much better than in many other places where jazz prevails.

LA MICHODIÈRE

4 Rue de la Michodière

THIS restaurant is situated under the theatre of the same name. There is dancing from 9 P. M. until after midnight, when people move on to the night clubs. Two bands: Argentinian and Negro, the latter being the same band that from 1 A. M. plays jazz at Florence's in Montmartre.

When the Ambassadeurs goes into its annual period of hibernation inquiring pleasure seekers are referred by the management to the Restaurant de la Michodière.

NOËL PETER'S

Passage des Princes, 5 Boulevard des Italiens

LONG ago this restaurant, so interestingly tucked away in the Passage, was one of the old-fashioned quiet places where people went because of the good cooking and good cellars. Now it is a dancing place, popular and crowded, but in spite of that the cooking is still good and the wines are better than devotees of jazz deserve.

With the introduction of dancing the place was partially redecorated, but the old main room still exhibits a pseudo-Moorish interior, reminiscent of the Casino Theatre in New York or a second-floor dining room of the Great Northern Hotel in a long-ago Chicago which I well remember.

If I must go to a restaurant where people dance I prefer this one to certain more chic establishments, first because of its reliable food and drink, and next because the clientele is mixed and consequently more amusing. The last time I was there I saw few Americans and Britons; most of the diners seemed to be French, Spanish, or South American, and all were having a good time.

Noël Peter's is something of an oddity, and I find it a good place in which to *faire la bombe* of a Saturday night.

LES CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES

· 63 *Avenue des Champs Élysées*

THIS is a large agreeable restaurant in which prices are not unduly high and the cuisine is varied and excellent. The place consists of a downstairs bar and one enormous dining room, at the further end of which the *rôtisserie* may be seen, and I never go there without feeling the illusion that I am not in Paris but in some large American city. I do not mean merely that Les Champs Élysées is popular with Americans—though that is the case—nor can I say exactly wherein lies the quality that makes it seem American, though a possible clue is suggested by the fact that Monsieur Anseldi, the proprietor,

was long ago associated with the restaurants of J. B. Martin and Louis Martin in New York.

Until 1928 there was no dancing at this establishment, but it has since been introduced. If I were classifying it as a non-dancing restaurant I should place it in my second grouping, although it is not as strong in wines as in its cooking.

MAXIM'S

3 Rue Royale

NEARLY thirty years ago, when I first knew Maxim's, its name already stood throughout the world as a symbol for nocturnal dissipation, and this notoriety was presently increased by the production of a farce called *La Dame de Chez Maxim*, played in America as *The Girl from Maxim's*.

It is interesting to note that Maxim's was not the first Parisian restaurant to be advertised through a theatrical production, the Restaurant Véry (founded in 1805 in the Palais Royal and closed about 1860) having been similarly advertised by a play entitled *Un Garçon de Chez Véry*, produced in 1850; and it is further worth noting that in the United States a similar piece of restaurant advertising failed disastrously, the farce *The Girl from Rector's* having given the Hotel Rector in New York a wild reputation which, instead of attracting patrons, had the effect of driving them away.

In the Viennese musical comedy, *The Merry Widow*, Maxim's received further *réclame* when the character called Prince Danilo quarrelled with his sweetheart and

sang, "I'm going to Maxim's"; and again, quite recently, the name of the restaurant occurred in the title of a play, this one *Un Chasseur de Chez Maxim*—the chasseur being the messenger who, at Maxim's, wears a short crimson jacket with a little point behind like the sprouting tail of a junior Mephistopheles.

Having somehow gathered the idea that grandfathers of men of my age used to go to Maxim's when sowing wild oats in Paris, I was surprised to learn that the restaurant dates only from 1893. The original proprietor was Maxim Cornichet who, it is said, originated the plan, since followed by so many gay night restaurants, of encouraging the presence of a class of women, more or less attached to the establishment, whose business it was to attract male visitors.

Shortly before the opening of the Paris Exposition in 1900 Cornichet sold the restaurant to an English company which still controls it, and which at the time of purchase decorated the establishment according to the canons of the *art nouveau*, then considered handsome and ultra-modern. But the trouble with modernism is that it refuses to stay modern, and it gives one a curious sensation to go to Maxim's now, look upon those walls inanely appliquéd with festoons and loops of wood and brass, those lighting fixtures tortured to the forms of calla lilies, those mural pictures, pale and wan, and to reflect upon the fate which, in another thirty years, will not improbably have overtaken the modernistic movement of the present day.

On a wall of the tunnel-like apartment leading to the square room at the rear is a large canvas on which is depicted, in weak colour, a vernal scene inhabited by an undraped female who, from her attitude, is about to dive into the waters of a placid river. I recall this harmless figure of old, and it amuses me to remember that in the days when women's bathing suits were of blue flannel, with long sleeves and full skirts of ankle length, she was regarded as a racy item.

Unchanged though its setting is, the flavour of Maxim's has greatly altered since the war. It is now much patronized at luncheon and at dinner, when its clientele resembles that of any other good middle-class restaurant. In the evening there is dancing, but the atmosphere is far less formal and far less extravagant than in some other dancing-places. Evening dress is the exception. The music is French, the quick-time French waltz called the Java is danced, and patrons are not told that they must drink champagne but are allowed to order what they please.

Police regulations now require night resorts in this neighbourhood to close not later than 2 A. M., so wild life at Maxim's has greatly diminished; nevertheless, harpies gather at the bar toward midnight, and men who venture in without the protection afforded by a woman companion are likely to be annoyed by their persistent demands for drinks.

Maxim's provides excellent cooking and service and some good wines. Nine or nine-thirty is the time for dinner.

GRAND VATEL

275 Rue St. Honoré

THIS establishment, a block from the Rue Royale, was founded in 1900 and is primarily a good restaurant rather than a dancing-place, but as there is tea-dancing and dinner-dancing it crowds itself into this category. If I were listing it as a "serious" restaurant it would go in my second grouping.

In the reign of Louis XIV Vatel was chef to the Prince de Condé. One day, when the King was lunching with the Prince, the fish failed to arrive, and Vatel, in his chagrin at keeping the King waiting, 'fell upon his sword and killed himself.

In appearance the Grand Vatel suggests the social hall of a Hudson River boat. The cuisine, which is exceptionally fine, includes many Russian specialties, the proprietor, Monsieur J. B. Féés, having in his younger days been chef to a Russian nobleman. Prices are not quite so high as at some other first-class restaurants in the district. Private dining rooms on the second floor have windows overlooking the main restaurant and the dance floor. A bright little bar, recently added, has humorous mural decorations of extraordinary cleverness.

EMBASSY

136 Avenue des Champs Élysées

THIS establishment, one of the handsomest and most spacious of its kind, has lately changed management. Its

decorations are striking, and if it is properly conducted it should prove to be one of the most attractive dancing restaurants in Paris.

CHIQUITO

34 Rue du Colisée

BRIGHTLY lighted and decorated in ultra-modern style, with a glass dance floor, through which coloured lights are thrown, Chiquito is a comparatively new and quite popular dancing restaurant with an atmosphere less formal than is found at certain more extravagant establishments. The cuisine is that of the Basque country, and sea food is accented. There is a bar.

LANGER

Carré Marigny, Champs Élysées

THIS restaurant occupies a gay-looking pavilion in the wooded part of the Champs Élysées, and whether at the hour of tea-dancing, dinner-dancing, or supper-dancing, has an air of great activity, for its location makes it an easy place to find.

Langer's is not one of the smartest dancing-places, but it seems always to be crowded. My acquaintance with it has been gained through attending luncheons of the American Club of Paris, which are held there every Thursday. These luncheons, open only to members and their guests, are most agreeable on the human side, but the meals are ordinary.

Langer's is open the year round.

MONTEVERDI

85 Rue Richelieu

A RATHER small restaurant with both Italian and French cooking and a considerable choice of Italian wines. Fairly expensive for a place of its class. Good music. Dancing during and after dinner.

AUBERGE DE LA CLOCHE

30 Rue St. André des Arts

THIS odd little restaurant in an old building in one of the oldest streets in Paris (Twelfth Century) is sedate enough at luncheon time, but in the evening becomes what is called "Bohemian." Piano-playing, singing, and general high-jinks. The fare leaves much to be desired, but there is "atmosphere," so what does it matter?

The district, full of curious old streets and houses, is worth investigation. Grolier, the bibliophile, died in a house which formerly stood at No. 58 Rue St. André des Arts; Racine lived from 1680 to 1684 in a house which stood where No. 41 now stands; No. 33 has a Louis XV façade; No. 27 has a pretty balcony and was once the residence of the historian Duchesne (1640). In the near-by Place St. André des Arts formerly stood the Thirteenth Century church in which Voltaire was baptized. It was demolished in the early part of the last century. Gounod's birthplace was at No. 11 in the Place.

LE PÈRE TRANQUILLE

16 Rue Pierre Lescot

A NIGHT-CLUBISH restaurant of Les Halles, with dancing. (See page 185.)

ADRIENNE

99 Rue Richelieu

INTO this restaurant I chanced one night by accident. Entering alone, I was greeted by female yelps in the "Here comes Charley!" manner, but having got that far, and being hungry, I sat down and dined while terrible old harridans cavorted and sang. The wine was good enough, and the dinner was so far from bad that it surprised me, yet I found the place entirely unpleasant.

RUSSIAN RESTAURANTS

MAISONETTE DES COMÉDIENS
RUSSES*36 Rue Vivienne*

RUN by former officers of the Czar's army and navy, this small and picturesque restaurant is one of the best-known establishments of the kind in Paris, having occupied its present quarters since 1922 and taken a gold medal for Russian cooking at the Exposition Culinaire. It is open for luncheon, dinner, and supper, closing at 3 A. M., and those who enjoy good music and the rich food of Muscovy will find it delightful. One should dine here rather late, and evening dress is usual though not perhaps essential.

The Russian singers are exceptionally good, and I never knew that the concertina was a real musical instrument until I heard it played at this restaurant by the Hungarian gipsy Raphaël, who is a truly remarkable artist. Raphaël's concertina has sometimes the sonorous quality of a pipe organ, sometimes the light sweetness of a flute, and he can perform the most extraordinary runs and feats of double-stopping. Also he plays the 'cello with his little orchestra, and is at times so humorous that one almost forgets the restaurant's insufficient ventilation.

There is no room for dancing by clients, but the professional entertainment is of the best, and in the early morning hours the spirit of the place is sometimes very gay, and one can imagine one's self in Moscow or St. Petersburg under the old régime.

It is expensive but is worth the price.

ERMITAGE RUSSE

21 Rue Boissy d'Anglas

IN THIS small upstairs restaurant, seating about seventy-five persons, is to be found as good Russian cooking as exists in Paris. A fixed-price luncheon is served, but dinner and supper are à la carte. Russian music is played by a small orchestra, and if Dino Ionesco, a Roumanian, is at the czimbalom and plays a solo on that fascinating instrument you will hear something remarkable. The musicians and entertainers at Russian restaurants have, however, a disconcerting way of vanishing. Ionesco was not there the last time I went to the Ermitage Russe, but

they said he was coming back, and the Russian singing and dancing were, as always, spirited.

Specialties of the house are caviar, vodka, blinis, bortsch, and chicken livers served on a long swordlike spit. Evening dress may be worn but is not necessary. Prices are in the middle range.

MAISONETTE RUSSE

36 Rue Mont Thabor

THIS place (which should not be confused with the *Maisonette des Comédiens Russes*) seems to put more accent on cuisine and less on entertainment than other leading Russian establishments.

The setting here is velvety and mysterious, and the lighting is becoming to women who have reached an age at which they think about such things. As in the other Russian restaurants here catalogued, there are music and singing during dinner and afterwards. The place is small, intimate, and smart. It suggests, but does not demand, evening dress. Prices run rather high. No dancing.

BOÏARD

27 Rue de Lécluse

A SMALL Russian place—about twenty tables—with a dance floor at the centre and a gipsy orchestra that can tear you all apart. Patronized largely by members of the Russian aristocracy, who, whatever else they may have lost, have not lost their taste for late hours.

One of the newest and smartest establishments of its kind. Dancing and entertainment.

GRAND ERMITAGE MOSCOVITE

24 Rue Caumartin

THIS is one of the few important Russian restaurants of Paris at which you may dance. There is also entertainment, including songs by a remarkable Russian male quartette, Russian dancing, and music by a gipsy orchestra. Lunch and dinner may be had either à la carte or at a fixed price; the cooking is good, and considering what is offered the prices are not high. The rooms are spacious, the atmosphere is pleasant, and the clientele is somewhat mixed. Evening dress, though not essential, is to be preferred. After the entertainment a good jazz band plays for dancing.

DOUCHKA

8 Rue Brey, Avenues Wagram and Mac Mahon

IN A house entered through a small garden, formerly the residence of the academician Astier Rouillot (said to have been used by Daudet as the model for the central figure in his novel *L'Immortel*), the Russian restaurant Douchka has a pleasant and secluded setting. The establishment was opened in 1927 by Miss Fanchon Thompson, former opera singer, and her Russian associate, "Madame Douchka."

The last-mentioned lady and her husband have an interesting post-war history, having escaped in 1920 from

the Crimea in the hold of a small freight steamer which took them to Constantinople at a time when that capital was the maddest place on earth. There, with the idea of feeding their starving countrymen, they started a small restaurant which, however, swiftly grew into a large and brilliant place, patronized by the diplomatists and officers then gathered in large numbers at the Golden Horn. The restaurant gave employment to one hundred and fifty needy Russians, among them young titled women, some of them beautiful, who were the waitresses.

When Constantinople became dull "Madame Douchka" and her husband came to Paris, where his cooking got him the gold medal of the Exposition Culinaire.

The table at the Restaurant Douchka is admirable. One dines there late, for the place does not wake up until 9 or 10 P. M. There is Russian singing, and guests may dance on a small floor.

PRADO

41 Avenue Wagram

A LARGE, bright establishment, not at all fashionable, open from 4 P. M. to 2 A. M. One may dine or sup here, or may sit over a drink and listen to a fourteen-piece orchestra of Russian balalaika players, who make delightful music.

No dancing. Reasonable prices.



SUMMER RESTAURANTS



CHAPTER VII

SUMMER RESTAURANTS

IN NO department of his art is the French restaurateur more skilful than in setting a charming scene for repasts in the open air or in surroundings either genuinely or artificially rural. Always when I go to the restaurants of the Bois, I find myself lamenting that we in the United States fail so dismally in this respect. Why have we no Armenonville, no Pré Catelan, no Château de Madrid in Central Park, in Lincoln Park, in Golden Gate Park? Why are American park restaurants so few, and why are they universally inferior to those of France, not only in cooking but in setting?

What is now the Bois de Boulogne was in olden times part of a large Crown forest, but in 1852 the State turned it over to the City and the present park of more than two thousand acres was created. When the Germans were marching on Paris, in 1870, the ancient trees, many of them oaks, were cut down to prevent their giving cover to the enemy.

To dine in the Bois costs something, and in considering expenses one must count the taxi hire, the price of the chauffeur's dinner, and the ticking of the meter while the taxi waits. When the weather is mild it is, however, an experience not to be missed, and Parisian taxicab rates are wonderfully low.

Do not go to dinner in the Bois too early. Nine-thirty is a good hour.

Prices in the leading restaurants are raised for "galas." A gala is a restaurateur's excuse for charging fancy prices. The principal places in the Bois have them once a week during the summer, and about all you get out of it is a stuffed doll for the lady. Some ladies, I am told, like stuffed dolls. But that is your affair.

RESTAURANTS OF THE BOIS

CHÂTEAU DE MADRID

Just Outside the Bois de Boulogne

OCCUPYING almost foot for foot the site of a hunting lodge built by François I, the present building contains one or two fragments of the original structure. The Château de Madrid is a hotel, and is, I believe, open all the year round, but it is chiefly interesting as a summer dining and dancing establishment, being the most chic of them all.

Tables are set beneath the trees in an enclosure formed

by the building and surround an ample dance floor. The music is excellent, and there is good professional entertainment. A feature of the place is the clever lighting of trees and shrubbery at the end of the enclosure, which makes the scene theatrically beautiful; and the smartly costumed women at the tables complete a sumptuous and striking picture.

The cellars are creditable, and cuisine and service are on the whole excellent, though the transportation of food from indoor kitchens to an outdoor restaurant involves some difficulties.

Unless one has one's own car, or rents one for the evening, the transportation problem may prove annoying, for though the Château de Madrid is generally thought of as a restaurant in the Bois, it is in fact just outside the Bois, and consequently just outside the limits covered by Parisian taxi rates. It is therefore highly advisable to make a bargain with the taxi driver in advance, and if you do not keep him waiting through the evening, but depend upon the restaurant's chasseurs to call a taxi for you when you leave, you will have to pay a fancy price for the ride home.

Ten o'clock is not too late to dine at this establishment; a table should be reserved by telephone, and evening dress should be worn. A dinner for two, with a suitable wine, is likely to cost twenty dollars or more.

ARMENONVILLE

Bois de Boulogne

ARMENONVILLE is a chalet facing a small lake overhung by horse-chestnut trees which in the daytime give a sense of seclusion and which at night show fairy lights that are reflected like stars in the still water. The ground floor of the building is of plate glass, and the dancers, weaving about under the bright lights within, might be sea monsters in a vast aquarium. In mild weather there is also dancing out of doors in a garden surrounded by tables and ivy-covered kiosks.

Armenonville and the Pré Catelan, the two most attractive restaurants actually within the Bois, are operated by the company which controls the Café de Paris and Fouquet's, two of the best restaurants in the city. The cuisine is excellent. There is dancing at tea-time and in the evening. Prices are not low.

LE PRÉ CATELAN

Bois de Boulogne

DUELLISTS of long ago used to drive out to this region to settle their affairs. Also it is an ancient custom of dissolute Parisians to breakfast here after wild nights in the city. The milk of the cows kept at the Pré Catelan—which used to be a sort of farm—is much desired by revellers in their hours of matutinal repentance.

The present establishment consists of a handsome Trianon-like building, set among trees and gardens, and

very smartly run. The management is that of the Café de Paris. Dancing at tea-time and in the evening. Excepting Armenonville, it is the best place in the Bois for tea-dancing.

L'HERMITAGE

Bois de Boulogne

AN ATTRACTIVE establishment amid tall trees at the far side of the Bois, beyond Longchamps, overlooking the river near the Pont de Suresnes. Excellent cuisine: *prix fixe* on the side facing the road, and *à la carte* on the side toward the river. Good orchestra. An agreeable place at which to lunch and sit about on Sunday afternoons. Dinner-dancing in the evening. Popular in July and August when the gay season is drawing to a close.

LE PAVILLON ROYAL

Bois de Boulogne

A GOOD restaurant beside the lake but lacking the secluded charm of some other establishments in the Bois.

Dancing.

LE PAVILLON DAUPHINE

Bois de Boulogne

JUST inside the entrance to the Bois, at the end of the Avenue Maréchal Foch (formerly Avenue du Bois de Boulogne), this is a pleasant place for a quiet luncheon. With fashionable equestrians it is almost a religion to stop

there for a *porto* after a morning's ride. Midday is the hour. Open all the year.

LES CASCADES

Bois de Boulogne

A PRETTY place under the trees near Longchamps, where one may lunch during the racing season, or may stop for tea or a cocktail on the way home. At midday, in the summer, wedding parties are almost always to be seen there. At the height of the season there is music in the afternoon under the trees, but no dancing.

LE CLOS NORMAND

Bois de Boulogne

RUN by the management of the popular auberge called Cheval Pie, the Clos Normand occupies a pleasant chalet in the Bois near the Porte Maillot. "One lunches here," says the advertisement, "one dines here on the verdure at the soft prices." The place is rather noisy. No dancing.

OTHER SUMMER RESTAURANTS

CAFÉ DES AMBASSADEURS

1 Avenue Gabriel, Carré des Champs Élysées

THE original café of this name was founded in 1770 and was a modest place—which is more than can be said of its

namesake. The present Ambassadeurs, conveniently located near the Place de la Concorde, used some years ago to be an *al fresco* theatre where extremely good vaudeville was given, and where, if one wished to do so, one could dine and watch the show.

Of late years the theatre seats have been removed from the auditorium and a dance floor installed, and the place is now a restaurant offering tea-dancing, dinner-dancing, and supper-dancing, plus a good entertainment.

The pavilion of the Ambassadeurs is open at the sides, so the place is well ventilated, but it closes at 2 A. M., allowing those who cannot stand ventilation to seek the Montmartre night clubs.

Like the Café de Madrid, just outside the Bois de Boulogne, with which it shares first honours in its class, the Ambassadeurs has to depend for its year's earnings on a busy summer season. When I was last there the cover charge was 20 francs, the admission (charged on the bill afterwards) was 40 francs, and the cheapest champagne listed was 180 francs per bottle. My recollection is that champagne is here compulsory, as at most night clubs. At all events, I recall that an attempt was made to charge me for three half-withered flowers in a vase on the table.

That is the kind of place it is. Nevertheless, you can have a good time there if experience in New York night clubs has hardened you to being looted and if your pocketbook can stand the strain.

LAURENT

Avenue Gabriel, Carré des Champs Élysées

A CHARMING place for summer dining. (See page 58.)

LEDOYEN

8 Champs Élysées

A DELIGHTFUL summer restaurant. (See page 59.)

LANGER

Carré Marigny, Champs Élysées

A SUMMERY pavilion, but open all the year. Dancing.
(See page 155.)

PAVILLON DU LAC

Rue Gazan, Parc Montsouris

FOR an outdoor lunch or dinner in summer, when the Bois de Boulogne seems too elaborate or too far away, the Pavillon du Lac is a peaceful and delightful spot. It is much simpler than the places in the Bois, but the food is good, and the lovely little Park Montsouris, over which the restaurant looks, has feathery trees and placid ponds, and even a little waterfall, making a restful background on a warm day. In the afternoon the park is full of children—less prosperous children, most of them, than those of the Parc Monceau or even the Luxembourg Gardens, but none the less amusing to watch as you sit at luncheon under the awning of the wide veranda.

Artists, driven by high rents from the Montparnasse

and Raspail region, have of late years moved in considerable numbers to this pleasant district a mile farther out, and the restaurant has many of them for its customers. Prices are reasonable. The service on Sundays is table d'hôte only.

Open throughout the year, but most attractive in summer.

AUBERGE DE LA BONNE
FRANQUETTE

2 Rue des Saules, corner Rue St. Rustique

A SUMMER restaurant at the very top of Montmartre, but far enough away from the riot of the Place du Tertre to be uncontaminated by it. Being admittedly an auberge, this one has the usual timbered rooms at the front, and the usual plates and pots and pans for decoration, but the building is really old, and there is a delightful summer garden at the rear, where one may dine well, at not too great expense, beneath a leafy pergola. The service and cooking are good and the wines adequate. A specialty is made of grilled meats and fowls roasted on the spit. In the evening there is music, and sometimes a few couples feel impelled to dance, though the pavement of the garden is cement.

THE BARGE "MARÉCHAL JOFFRE"

*Moored to the Right Bank of the Seine
near the Pont des Invalides*

THIS barge (*péniche*), operated as a restaurant, seems to be comparatively little known. Attractively decorated,

it makes a charming dining place in summer, when tables are set by cabin windows or on deck. The cuisine is in charge of Monsieur Maurice, a former maître d'hôtel of the fine old Restaurant Viel (no longer in existence, though the name Viel still appears upon the Boulevard). I have been aboard the *Maréchal Joffre*, but have not dined there; I am, however, told that the table is good enough to have the endorsement of a famous society of gourmets.

LE GRAND VENEUR

6 Rue Demours

A RESTAURANT with summer garden. (See page 98.)



RESTAURANTS NEAR THE
MARKETS AND THE ABATTOIRS



CHAPTER VIII

RESTAURANTS NEAR THE MARKETS AND THE ABATTOIRS

LES HALLES

A FEW years before 1137 Louis VI ordered the Market de la Grève transferred to this place. In 1183 Philip Augustus built sheds surrounded by a wall, and these were called by the populace "Les Halles" (pronounced "lay ähl") and have been so called ever since. As the centuries passed, markets from other parts of Paris were moved here, and so grew up the great establishment which Zola called "the belly of Paris."

The market-place is at the present time much overcrowded, for it was designed to supply the alimentary needs of two million persons, and the inhabitants of Paris and the suburbs are now estimated at three times that number. Here are some figures on the amount of foodstuffs passing through these vast pavilions:

MEAT: A daily minimum of 250 tons; 300 tons on Saturdays and 400 tons on days preceding great fêtes.

FOWLS: From September to January (hunting season) 145,000 to 165,000 lbs. daily; Saturdays as high as 260,000 lbs., and the night before Christmas and New Year's 400,000 lbs.

FISH: Varying daily, according to the fishing weather, from 200,000 to 600,000 lbs.; and as high as 800,000 lbs. daily in the herring season.

BUTTER AND EGGS: From 50,000 to 80,000 lbs. daily.

CHEESE: 120,000 to 180,000 lbs. daily.

The vegetables, which it is found impossible to estimate, constitute perhaps the greatest show. Everyone has seen them moving slowly into the city in great creaking carts, with drivers often asleep upon their loads, and everyone must have admired the decorative layers in which they are arranged. At the markets this display of taste becomes even more evident, and the spectacle of carrots, onions, beets, parsnips, and other small vegetables with their green plumes, piled beside cabbages, turnips, cucumbers, tomatoes, artichokes, and snow-white mushrooms, makes a gorgeous spread of colour under the sharp lights.

The incredible rush and bustle of the Halles from three in the morning until daylight adds greatly to the fascination of the scene, and the costumes of the peasants and the workers give a final touch of picturesqueness. Never shall I forget the sight of three huge meat-handlers, their long white aprons and turbaned heads smeared with blood,

standing like three murderers out of a melodrama of the Middle Ages, and amiably discussing politics. Nor shall I ever forget the explosion of *argot* I once heard when a thieving *voyou* ran afoul a pair of furious old market women. One cannot see these people without understanding better the spirit that makes, and has always made, a Paris mob a thing so frightful. I have never felt so near the Reign of Terror as when visiting Les Halles.

Fifteen or twenty years ago the surroundings of Les Halles were a great deal rougher than they are to-day, for the police now keep a sharp eye on doubtful resorts and doubtful characters. When I first knew the district it was dotted with dives having bars on the ground floor and restaurants above, with orchestras of red-coated musicians, many of whom were deformed. Here one saw the toughest of the tough—*voyous*, *apaches*, and *maquereaux* with their women—and now and then a slumming party from the fashionable world. The crowds arrived between midnight and three o'clock and stayed until morning, dancing, singing the latest ribald songs, occasionally breaking chairs and bottles, and sometimes shedding blood.

The principal dives of that period were Le Père Tranquille, Le Grand Comptoir, Le Chien qui Fume, Le Lapin Sautant, and Le Caveau des Innocents. The latter, most poisonous of all, consisted of a vaulted cellar with a doorway so low that one had to stoop on entering, and a series of narrow little rooms in which congregated many desperate characters. In those days it was the mode for *apaches* to swagger, and a part of their swagger consisted

in the adoption of sinister pseudonyms. These names they would carve with their murderous knives upon the tables of the Caveau, and one could read them there: Casque d'Or, Coup-couteau de la Bastille, etc.

Then, as now, the great Halles roared with work, as whining carts arrived from the farms and discharged their produce. And when at five or six in the morning the fetid cafés closed and drunken revellers moved out to face the light of day, they would find themselves enclosed by barricades of beautiful fresh vegetables.

L'ESCARGOT

38 Rue Montorgueil

ONE of the best restaurants in Paris. (See page 47.)

PIED DE MOUTON

19 Rue Vauvilliers

FOUNDED in 1804, the Pied de Mouton occupied the building next door to its present quarters for more than a century, but in 1912 it was crowded out by the expansion of the Bourse de Commerce. Descendants of a former proprietor are said to possess a Golden Book of the establishment, dating back fifty years or so, containing the signature of Edward, Prince of Wales, later Edward VII. Certain it is that many notable persons of times past, as well as the present, have patronized this restaurant, which, though a plain place, like all eating-houses of Les Halles,

is one of the best in the district and is known to gourmets the city over.

The Pied de Mouton opens at 3 A. M., serving breakfast to merchants of Les Halles and late suppers to sightseeing prowlers, many of whom have been earlier to Montmartre. Luncheon is, however, the principal meal, and dinner is not served, the house closing at 6 P. M. Specialties are pied de mouton (sheep's feet), rognons (kidneys) brochette, and grilled meats. The cellar is creditable.

The Rue Vauvilliers, formerly called the Rue du Four, dates from the Thirteenth Century and in ancient times contained the fortified residences of great nobles. One or two of its old houses are worth looking at, and No. 33 stands on the site of a hotel at which Napoleon stayed when in 1787 he arrived in Paris.

PHARAMOND

24 Rue de la Grande Truanderie

WITH Jouanne, of Montmartre, Pharamond controls the tripe market of Paris, and *tripe à la mode de Caen* (with pigs' feet), brought to the table in earthen dishes, hot over iron braziers, is the great specialty of the house. If you are ever going to enjoy tripe you will enjoy it here, and if you like it well enough you can have some put in an earthen jar and can carry it away with you.

Like all restaurants in the neighbourhood of the great Central Markets, Pharamond's is a very plain place. It dates from 1840 and has descended from father to son

in the same family, a family of Norman origin. The present proprietor, formerly a famous football player, is of the third generation.

Each day by five in the morning Pharamond's is open and doing business, for at that time people who have worked all night in the markets are hungry, and many of them make early breakfast the principal meal of the day. At six o'clock the jars containing tripe are sent out to customers, and thenceforward breakfasts continue to be served to market folk until it becomes time to set the stage for lunch, which begins about eleven. The luncheon clientele is, however, quite unlike the clientele at breakfast, for now come merchants, business men, and professional men from all over the city, in passionate pursuit of tripe. Or, if the guest does not like tripe, there are other dishes, wholesome and well cooked, such as grilled meats with soufflé potatoes. Pharamond's cellars contain wines of good years and the cider and Calvados (old applejack) of Normandy. When I first knew the place it was not open for dinner, but this has lately been changed, and supper is now the only meal which is not served there.

A most interesting feature of this and other restaurants of Les Halles is their mixed clientele, consisting of workers of modest condition and of prosperous persons who come to see and be amused, and at the same time eat good food. This is particularly noticeable at Pharamond's, and smart people going to the rooms above seem to enjoy the contact with sturdy market workers in their smocks.

MONTEIL

62 Rue de la Réale

SMALL and very poor looking, with a sawdust-covered floor, this little place stands well with many a gourmet and has a considerable following among journalists and men of letters.

It opens about 3:30 A. M., when workers from Les Halles grow hungry, and closes in the afternoon, luncheon being the principal meal. Dinner is not usually served, but private dinners for ten or more may be arranged. (It is not so bad upstairs.) This shabby little restaurant, where the cooking is so good, is one of the city's gastronomic curios.

Closed on Sundays and Mondays.

AU BEAU NOIR

5 Rue du Jour

MONSIEUR JEAN CORNATON, proprietor of this house, one of the newer establishments near Les Halles, was formerly a cook at the Ritz in London. Like all principal restaurants of the region this one has a second-floor dining room that is more attractive than the room below, the latter being patronized by workers, while the former is for earnest eaters from other parts of town. A large table d'hôte luncheon is served at twenty francs, and a large dinner at twenty-five francs. Suppers may be had only by arrangement, and the following specialties are cooked to order: quenelles de brochet (fishballs) with

truffles, grilled lobster thermidor, champignons farcis (stuffed mushrooms), artichokes foie-gras, truffled pullet, woodcock in season cooked with champagne.

The Rue du Jour is a Thirteenth Century street containing some old houses, and adjoins the church of St. Eustache, sometimes called Notre Dame des Halles, one of the few large churches built entirely in the Renaissance style. The construction of St. Eustache was commenced in 1532. Here Molière was baptized, and here were held the funeral services of La Fontaine and of Mirabeau. The organ, built in 1667 and brought hither from St. Germain des Prés in 1801, is said to be the finest in Paris, and the church is noted for its music, especially at the midnight mass on Christmas Eve and the services on Good Friday and St. Cecilia's Day (March 22d).

AUBERGE DE LA DEVINIÈRE

48 Rue Montorgueil

A QUEER place, extremely French, with the ugliest setting of any restaurant I know, but with very good and inexpensive food. The restaurant, entirely table d'hôte, is upstairs in a building which is probably two or three hundred years old. A gala dinner occurs every Tuesday and Thursday night in summer, and every Thursday and Saturday night in winter. The price is thirty francs, and the menu is astounding in its dimensions. A French friend told me to go there of a Saturday night if I wanted to see how his compatriots could eat. At these gala dinners French folk of the substantial middle class stuff themselves into a stupor, and my friend assures me

that they go home and sleep like gorged boa-constrictors through most of the next day. I can readily believe it.

LE PÈRE TRANQUILLE

16 Rue Pierre Lescot

LATE at night, when I had been watching the active life of the great markets near by, I stumbled into this place which I had all but forgotten, and I am making mention of it here because it is an oddity, a night resort in the manner of Montmartre, to which nocturnal prowlers often come after Montmartre quiets down—which is pretty well along toward breakfast time.

Le Père Tranquille is one of the oldest restaurants near Les Halles, having stood here for about a century. On the ground floor is a *bistro* (low-class bar) behind which is a dance room of the same grade; but upstairs is a more elaborate bar, with better supper and dancing rooms, and girls in evening dress who ask for drinks, and an orchestra that asks for tips, and all that sort of thing.

THE ABATTOIRS

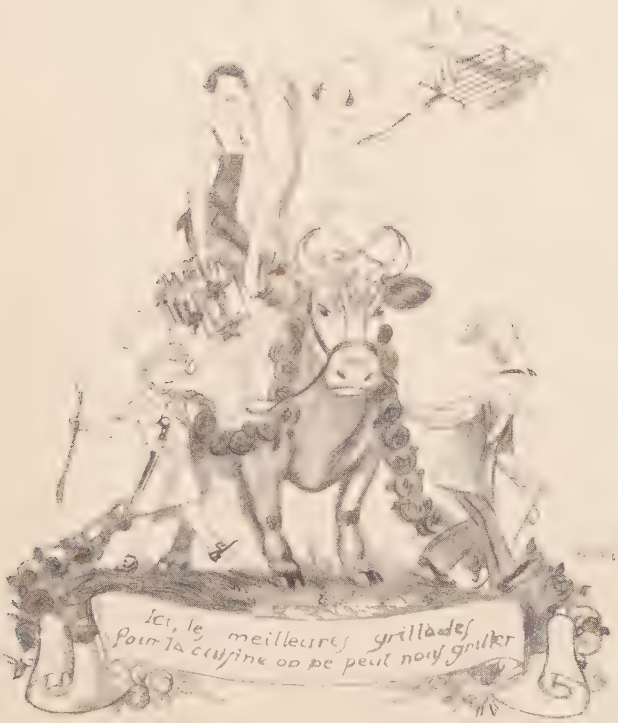
UNTIL 1808 it was customary for the butchers of Paris to kill cattle on their own premises, but in that year Napoleon caused slaughter-houses to be established in various districts, and these remained in existence until 1868, when they were absorbed into the General Abattoirs of La Villette.

La Villette is in the Nineteenth Arrondissement, and the elegant chauffeur of a friend of mine, who drove me on my first visit to the region, disapproved of the excursion, calling it a *sale quartier* and explaining that it was full of communists. That I believe is true, but on the other hand it contains the Parc des Buttes-Chaumont, which, with its old quarries of gypsum (plaster of Paris) transformed into rockeries, is perhaps the most picturesque park in the city and is certainly the one least known to strangers.

Gastronomically the Arrondissement is divided into two distinct sections, a group of plain eating-places being located on the Avenue du Pont de Flandre, which skirts the northwestern side of the Abattoirs, while to the south, near the *Marché au Bestiaux* (Cattle Market), are two really excellent restaurants, patronized by discriminating persons from distant parts of the city.

The region of La Villette cannot compare in picturesqueness with that of Les Halles; nevertheless, the scene there on market days is extremely interesting. To see the restaurants of the Avenue Jean Jaurès at their liveliest go for luncheon about noon on a Monday or a Thursday, when they are thronged with cattle merchants, all of them lusty eaters and stalwart bottle men. They know their meats, these traders, and it is for meats that the restaurants are famous.

Californie



DAGORNO

190 Avenue Jean Jaurès

IF ANYONE tells you—as someone did me—that Dagorno's has fallen off, do not believe him. A mellow establishment, dating from 1863, it is an extremely satisfying place, especially if you are hungry and ready for a substantial lunch or dinner. The menu, one of the prettiest cards in Paris, is extensive and offers a wide range of dishes, including such specialties as truffled foie-gras, and all manner of steaks and grilled meats of the finest quality, superbly cooked.

A wide choice of excellent wines.

AU COCHON D'OR

192 Avenue Jean Jaurès

ONE enters on a bright little bar and proceeds (without pausing, of course) to dining rooms at the back, or on the second floor. Everything looks clean and cheerful, the menu, with its lively cover, is attractive, and within this cover, and that of the wine list, one finds the makings of a sumptuous repast.

I am told that Monsieur René Ayral, proprietor of the Cochon d'Or, is a former sommelier. At all events, he has an admirable cellar, and his wines are reasonable, as witness a 1915 Richebourg at sixty francs and a 1919 Château d'Yquem at one hundred and twenty francs. Monsieur Ayral supervises his own cuisine, which is extraordinarily good. Among his specialties are Burgundy

snails, *terraine de la maison* (the pâté of the house), filet of sole Cochon d'Or, broiled meats in great variety, pigs' feet, foie-gras soufflé, mousse maison, tarte maison, and soufflé René. You can have a sirloin steak three inches thick, broiled to perfection, or a châteaubriand (rump steak) such as you never before tasted but will certainly come back to taste again.

À L'AMIRAL
19 Rue du Pont de Flandre

WHY a café-restaurant called The Admiral is located by the Abattoirs it is hard to guess. Perhaps the Admiral's flagship is a barge on the neighbouring canal. And what an Admiral has to do with the sport of bullfighting is still another question. At all events, this establishment used to belong to Monsieur Julien Damery, who was president of the society which has control of bullfighting—a sport still practised in the south of France—and the rooms are full of souvenirs: the mounted head of a great bull, posters advertising bullfights, and photographs of famous heroes of the ring.

For luncheon À l'Amiral is patronized by men from the Abattoirs across the street and from neighbouring factories. Dinner is also served, but the place closes about nine-thirty. Good meats and reasonable prices. Shut on Sundays. I found no one there who could speak English, and it cannot be denied that, as the chauffeur said, the district is "*très crapuleux*."

A very plain place.



RESTAURANTS SPECIALIZING IN
FISH AND SEA FOOD



CHAPTER IX

RESTAURANTS SPECIALIZING IN FISH AND SEA FOOD

THE principal French oysters (*huîtres*) are Marennes, Belons, and Portugaises—the latter sometimes called Claires. The two first mentioned are very expensive, costing in good restaurants from \$1.20 to \$1.60 per dozen. Portugaises are much cheaper. The Marenne is large and is of a bright green colour; its flavour is coppery and Americans are not likely at first to appreciate it, but when the taste is acquired it will be found very good. The Belon has the colour of our oysters, is somewhat fatter than the Marenne, coppery in flavour, and also very good. The Portugaise is smaller, being about the size of our Cape Cod but fatter in the middle, with a rather deep shell. It is likewise coppery, and besides being eaten raw is much used in cooking. It is quite cheap. Cooked mussels (*moules*) are delicious and, like oysters, are much used in making elaborate sauces for fish. A commonly encountered and excellent dish is *moules marinière*.

The snail (*escargot*), eel (*anguille*), and the legs of frogs (*grenouille*) are, as everyone knows, favourite items on French menus. With the exception of whitefish, I

think of no freshwater fish of consequence which is known to us and not known to the French, while among their sea fish are the turbot and the glorious sole, the latter far superior to its American cousin the flounder.

Shrimps (*crevettes*) and crawfish (*écrevisse*) are much eaten and there are two varieties of lobster, the ordinary *homard* and the rock lobster (*langouste*). The visitor will often find on menus a dish listed as *homard Américain*. This is rock lobster cooked in butter, olive oil, and white wine, with a seasoning of herbs, and when well prepared is most delectable. It should not, however, be called "lobster *Américain*," but "lobster *Armoricain*," for it is a Breton dish, and the Roman name for the peninsula of Brittany was *Armorica*.

The French and English names of principal fish are as follows:

Alose, shad; *barbue*, brill; *bar*, bass; *brochet*, pike; *carpe*, carp; *esturgeon*, sturgeon; *goujon*, gudgeon; *hareng*, herring; *maquereau*, mackerel; *merlan*, whiting; *morue*, cod; *perche*, perch; *raie*, skate; *saumon*, salmon; *truite*, trout; *truite saumonée*, salmon trout.

Bouillabaisse, the famous fish chowder of Marseilles, consists of several varieties of fish cooked together in white wine with tomatoes, herbs, etc.; a *coquille St. Jacques* is fish cooked with herbs and served in a scallop shell; *fish au beurre noir* is boiled in browned butter; *sole Normande* or *Dieppoise* has a butter and white wine sauce with mushrooms, shrimps, mussels, etc., and *sole à la Marguery*, known so well in the United States where

flounder is often used in place of sole, has a similar sauce, rich and complicated, with oysters in place of mushrooms; quenelles de brochet are light fishballs made from the meat of the pike; and those who are fond of delicate concoctions should investigate the fish soufflés served in many restaurants.

There are innumerable eating-places which, without specializing in fish, yet cook fish splendidly and in great variety, and when cold weather comes oysters are served in restaurants of almost every class.

PRUNIER

9 Rue Duphot

THE most fashionable place in Paris for oysters, fish, and crustaceans, Prunier's, when founded in 1872, was a plain little oyster shop patronized chiefly by English and Americans, who would go there for half a dozen oysters and a glass of Chablis—for the French did not at that time generally care for oysters. It is related that an American once said to Monsieur Alfred Prunier, proprietor of the shop, that he ought to cook oysters, and that, demonstrating, the visitor forthwith made an "oyster pan stew" which Monsieur Prunier helped him to eat. Thus, simply, cooking at Prunier's began.

Since then the place has grown enormously in popularity and in dimensions, until now it occupies a large portion of the block. It contains an oyster bar, at which not only French oysters but the best English oysters may be had in cocktails or otherwise, a fish shop making a

specialty of fresh caviar, and spacious dining rooms where, besides the usual fish specialties, regular meals are served. There is no disputing the enormous prestige enjoyed by Prunier's both with the French and with foreign visitors; King Edward VII and countless other notables have patronized the place, and always at luncheon and at dinner the dining rooms are overcrowded, alive with talk and laughter, and noisy with the clatter of hurried service. For my part, however, I preferred Prunier's twenty years ago to the present establishment with its din and its scramble for tables.

PRUNIER

16 Avenue Victor Hugo

A BRANCH of the downtown establishment, this restaurant near the Étoile strongly suggests the parent house. Here are the same black marble and silver decorations, the same long oyster bar, the same oysters with little brown bread sandwiches and Chablis, the same caviar, the same fish and lobster specialties.

DROUANT

79 Boulevard de Strasbourg

AN EXCELLENT bourgeois place. (See page 77.)

BRASSERIE LORRAINE

Place des Ternes

A LARGE brasserie (beer hall) restaurant with a considerable reputation for sea food. (See page 218.)

À L'HOMARD

28 Avenue Victor Emmanuel III

A SMALL and crowded place run by the amiable red-haired directress who presides also at the Restaurant Marianne, in Montmartre, À l'Homard (At the Sign of the Lobster) used to be called the Coup de Fusil (Gunshot), and had delightful decorations by the painter Guy Arnoux, but a year or two ago it suddenly changed its mind, abandoning game for fish.

A pleasant cozy establishment, very popular.



SOME PICTURESQUE ODDITIES



CHAPTER X

SOME PICTURESQUE ODDITIES

THE restaurants listed in this subdivision are in one way or another peculiar. Several of them are run by "characters" having considerable local reputation, and in more than half of them remarkable cooking is to be had if one will take the trouble to make arrangements in advance. At some of them it is essential that the visitor be known.

L'AMI FRITZ

3 Rue de la Sourdière

TAKING its name from that of the Erckmann-Chatrian novel, plus the fact that the proprietor is named Fritz Friquet, this small establishment is one of the oddities of Paris. Fritz is Swiss, and his specialties, few but glorious, are those of his native land, chief among them a fondue au fromage, which is a kind of celestial Welsh rarebit made with kirsch. I would no more eat an ordinary Welsh rarebit than I would an overshoe, but I rejoice in Fritz's fondue, which is light and digestible. Until I

tasted it I never knew the glory that resides in cheese, and the setting in which one eats it here—a setting in which François Villon might have felt at home—adds the finishing touch.

At the time of the Reign of Terror, when the tumbrils went creaking up the Rue St. Honoré carrying victims to the hungry guillotine, the narrow little Rue de la Sourdière, debouching to the northward, must have looked much as it does to-day. A one-way street, not wide enough to permit the passage of two vehicles, it has many houses dating from the Seventeenth Century, and one of them is the ancient lodging house on the ground floor of which the little restaurant L'Ami Fritz is situated.

Many years ago, when Fritz Friquet was nineteen, his parents, who lived near Montreux, decided to send him to London to learn the ways and language of the English in order that he might return to Switzerland and work in a hotel. Fritz, however, only got as far as the little lodging house in the Rue de la Sourdière, for the proprietor had a pretty daughter whom he married, and after a while he and his wife set up in business on the ground floor, where they have ever since remained. To-day they are grandparents, and it is not too much to say that their little eating-place has an international reputation. It consists of one small, low-ceiled room with a sawdust-covered floor, seats for fifteen or twenty guests, and a tiny cubbyhole of a kitchen in which Fritz works his miracles with cheese. There are no waiters. Madame Fritz serves, shows uninitiated guests how to dip the

croûtes (bits of toasted bread) into the fondue, and how long to wait for them to cool. While doing these things she talks continually, her conversation being a regular part of the feast. Besides the immortal fondue, specialties of the house are smoked sausage cooked in wine, the aromatic sausage called *Jésus*, delicious apple sauce with cinnamon, and home-made desserts. Wine is important with the fondue, and should be rather dry. Trust Madame Friquet.

The clientele of L'Ami Fritz is select, being composed of government officials, journalists, people of the theatre and of society, and others who know their stuff. Loud persons are not desired and do not get in. You cannot walk into the place as into an ordinary restaurant, but must either have an introduction or must call in advance and ingratiate yourself. Once accepted, however, you may be sure of an hospitable welcome.

GENOT

20 Rue de la Banque

THE establishment of Madame Genot, near the Stock Exchange, is rated very high by gourmets, some authorities actually classing it among the first fifteen or twenty restaurants of the city. On the basis of cooking, wines, and also prices (!) this may be justified, but on the basis of setting it is hardly less than comic, for the place looks like nothing more than a cheap little *bistro*.

Madame Genot is a lady of stately proportions, extreme directness, and infinite force. She has no card, no menu,

no telephone, and she doesn't give a damn for anybody. One does not walk into Madame Genot's and sit down and order. Not by a good deal! He who wishes to dine there must first call and be inspected. If Madame considers him a worthy candidate (and she is shrewd about such matters) she will tell him what he and his party are going to eat and drink. And she will tell him *right*, for the cooking, which is chiefly that of Anjou and Touraine, will be perfection, and so will the wines.

If you happen to be rich, or if you are spending a lot of money whether you are rich or not, and if you are bored with the Ritz and Ciro's and the Château de Madrid, and even with Larue's and Foyot's, and if you have a group of friends who feel the same, and if you want to give them a surprise, then it will be worth your while to cultivate Madame Genot, reserve her whole place, which is very small, and give a dinner there. Your guests will think from the appearance of the little restaurant that they have made a mistake in the address. But, as the feller says, they'll find out differ'nt!

MAILLABUAU

68 Rue Ste. Anne

THE restaurant dates from 1887, and the proprietor from 1861. It is a small, old-fashioned place with sawdust on the floors and looks like a *gargote*, but the cooking is noteworthy, and so is the clientele. The menu is limited and to get the best results it is advisable to order in advance. However, without giving notice, I had an

excellent bourgeois dinner there, taking what the host recommended.

Monsieur Maillabau's wine list is not an impressive thing to look at; nevertheless, his wines are good, being largely of his own selection and bottling. Sometimes he makes orations to his guests on the merit of the food and drink he serves them. He is a character, a person who could not happen anywhere but in France, and Paris would not be quite so much Paris without him.

After dinner try a glass of his fine old Marc.

AU RENDEZ-VOUS DES MARINIERS

33 Quai d'Anjou, Île St. Louis

THIS shabby little eating-place with its zinc bar, marble-topped tables, paper napkins, and bare floor, was opened a good many years ago by a Madame Lecomte—not, however, the Madame Lecomte earlier mentioned as former proprietor of the Restaurant de l'Escargot. In the days of its beginnings the Rendez-vous des Mariniers catered to watermen and poor inhabitants of the Île St. Louis, but Madame Lecomte was a remarkable cook, and as her fame spread the restaurant became celebrated, drawing people from all parts of the city.

To American residents of Paris the Rendez-vous des Mariniers was long invaluable for purposes of entertainment. "To-night," you would remark casually to your visitors, "I'll take you to a queer little place, very French," and you well knew how astonished they were going to be—first at entering such a dingy dining room, and second at the dinner they would eat there.

Madame Lecomte, alas, has now retired from the range, leaving the direction of the place to others; but though her brilliant touch is lacking, the cooking at the present time is competent, prices are low, and the place retains its picturesqueness and to a large extent its popularity. Tables should be reserved ahead.

The Rendez-vous des Mariniers is to the Île St. Louis what Marianne's is to Montmartre. That is to say, as Marianne's is the seat of government of the burlesque Republic of Montmartre, so the Mariniers is headquarters for playful activities on the island, which proclaims itself an aquatic Republic. Each year the Île St. Louis nominates a Doge who on a certain day comes down the Seine in his barge to hold court at the little restaurant on the Quai.

AU VIEUX CHALET (NINI'S)

14 bis, Rue Norvins

THIS place is one of Montmartre's freaks. If you enter at all—and that depends upon whether Madame Nini wants you—it is by the kitchen door; and if the weather is mild you may continue to the garden. You can't just wander in, but must be known, for Madame Nini has a reputation as a cook, and there is little room. If you understand the argot you will find her language rich in colour, and she can tell you whether Edna Ferber, Deems Taylor, Alexander Woollcott, or Arthur Samuels is in Paris at the moment.

MARIE

4 Rue Louvois

MARIE is a former *bonne* of Madame Genot, and she knows how to cook. Her little restaurant is very plain and is as a rule open only for luncheon, but dinners are served on special order. Her specialties are sole au gratin, sole Marie, chicken à l'estragon, chicken farcie au foie-gras (stuffed with foie-gras), and her prices are lower than those of the redoubtable lady of the Rue de la Banque.

REVEL

37 bis, Rue Montpensier

A LOW-PRICED eating-place of the most humble appearance, the proprietor of which is a former chef of the Café de Paris. Monsieur Revel, a remarkable cook, does not seek new clients, but has been known to prepare special dinners for those whom he considers worthy of them.

If you burn a napkin with your cigarette it will cost you five francs.

DUCOTTET

28 Rue des Fossés St. Bernard

A SHABBY little *bistro*, opposite the Halle aux Vins (wine market), with a celebrated provincial cuisine at moderate prices. The place is patronized chiefly by wine merchants and their assistants, and it is the custom of the men who repair barrels to leave their tools in special drawers here provided. The menu is limited, and one

should take the advice of the patron. Excellent moderate-priced wines, especially Beaujolais.

Do not be shocked by the appearance of the restaurant. It is all right. A good place as a counter-irritant to the Ritz. No English spoken.

JOU AN NE
10 Avenue de Clichy

A LONG-ESTABLISHED house which, with Pharamond, near Les Halles, controls the tripe market of Paris. Its specialty is tripe à la mode de Caen, but there is a general line of Norman cooking, along with Norman cider and Calvados (old applejack).

Very plain.

CAVEAU HISTORIQUE DE CAMILLE
DESMOULINS
5 Rue de Beaujolais

UNDER the arch of the entrance to the Palais Royal gardens is an inconspicuous door leading down to this little cellar restaurant, where, according to Henri Taine, took place important scenes of the French Revolution, and where it is said the fiery pamphlets of Desmoulins were printed. The walls of the restaurant are heavily vaulted and are decorated with old, though not contemporaneous, paintings of Mirabeau, Robespierre, Marat, Danton, Charlotte Corday, and other famous figures of the time.

The cooking is Czecho-Slovakian, the host amiable, the

wines negligible. Those who enjoy the picturesqueness of Old Paris will find the place worth a visit when inspecting the Palais Royal. (See page 16.)

MOSQUÉE

51 *Rue Geoffroy St. Hilaire, corner Rue Daubenton*

THIS Arab restaurant is popularly known as the Mosquée, though a card tells me that its actual name is the Restaurant Hammam de la Mosquée de Paris. It is connected with the mosque, and Arab food is served—kefta, tadjinn, and couscous. I have never eaten there, but have gone in after dinner for a cup of the thick, sweet coffee of the Near East. The coffee room is full of low cushioned seats, tabourets, and Oriental fixings, and is used in part by wearers of the fez and in part by sightseers. Not quite the place for young women unescorted.



CAFÉS AND BRASSERIE
RESTAURANTS



CHAPTER XI

CAFÉS AND BRASSERIE RESTAURANTS

TO ME there is always something of the theatre about Paris. Walking down an ancient street and glancing into an arched doorway I see a hunchback in a blue smock and feel that a clever stage manager has passed along ahead of me, setting the scene. The play of Paris is, moreover, a costume play, with bank messengers in cocked hats of the Napoleonic period, postmen in hats of the time of the Crimean War, priests in long cassocks and shovel hats, artists with wide-brimmed hats and shaggy hair, workmen in blue caps with patent leather visors, and nuns in huge headdresses of spotless linen, altogether mediæval.

And such types! No wonder France has produced so many masterly caricaturists, when the streets of every town and city in the realm are peopled with such gorgeous and exaggerated models. And no wonder, either, that France takes to the sidewalk café, where it can watch its people pass.

The word "café" and "brasserie" have, with time, become practically synonymous. In its origin the brasserie was a place in which beer was the principal beverage, but

certain brasseries and certain cafés have grown with time and prosperity and have finally turned into restaurants, or if not that, into clublike establishments, part drinking-place, part eating-place, part writing and reading room, and in some cases part billiard room, part concert hall, part dance hall.

Along the principal boulevards, brasseries and cafés are thickly strewn, and it is impossible to find an important Square or Place that is without one. To list them all would be useless, yet there are some which, for one reason or another, have special interest for the type of traveller I like to think of as the reader of these pages. Does anyone go to Paris without sitting on the sidewalk terrace of the Café de la Paix, or at other sidewalk terraces along the Boulevards? Does anyone go to Paris without sitting at the Dôme or the Rotonde? It does not seem so.

Many travellers have, however, told me that, taking their places at the little marble-topped tables, they wonder what to order. They understand that tea, coffee, cocktails, whisky and soda, liqueurs, ice cream, and cakes are available, but what are all these curious drinks called *apéritifs* which the French seem so much to enjoy?

APÉRITIFS, O idler at the terrace table, are divided into four principal groups as follows:

1. LIGHT APÉRITIFS. These are usually preferred by ladies and are classified under the general heading *quinquina* (Peruvian bark). They have a base of French wine with other flavouring matter added. Chief among

them are Bhyrr, Raspail, and Dubonnet, which may be drunk plain, or diluted with carbonated water. If you wish a small glass of straight Dubonnet ask for Dubonnet *sec*; if you wish a long light drink ask for Dubonnet *à l'eau*, and the waiter will bring a goblet, ice, and siphon.

2. APÉRITIFS CONSISTING OF FOREIGN WINES. *Porto* (Port), *Madère* (Madeira), *Xerès* (Sherry) and Malaga. These are drunk plain or with carbonated water, as preferred.

3. APÉRITIFS GENERALLY USED BY MEN. Export (French Vermouth), Cinzano (Italian Vermouth), or Chambéry (a Vermouth from the South of France, not so sweet as the Italian). They may likewise be drunk neat but as a rule are taken *à l'eau*. *like Export Cinzano*.

4. APÉRITIFS STRONG IN ALCOHOL. These are meant to be diluted: Mandarin, Pecon, Goudron, Gentiane, and Pernod, the latter a substitute for Absinthe, the manufacture of which is prohibited by law.

In addition to the foregoing, syrups such as Grenadine or Cassis (black currant) are often added when *apéritifs* are taken *à l'eau*. Thus, for example, when one orders Vermouth Cassis, the waiter brings a goblet, Vermouth, black currant syrup, ice, and a siphon, and the mixture is made according to taste.

Those who have to be careful about using alcohol, coffee, or tea, frequently drink what are called INFUSIONS; namely, teas made from dried herbs to which hot water is added. These are taken at any time of day and

are sometimes used as substitutes for coffee after dinner. The principal infusions are Verveine, Menthe (mint), Anis, Camamile, and Tilleul (lime-tree flower).

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX

12 Boulevard des Capucines, Place de l'Opéra

THE sidewalk terrace of this café, at what is called "the centre of the world," is so widely known and so popular that one is likely to forget the worthy restaurant within. Some distinguished chefs have, however, served in this establishment, and good meals may be had there.

Twenty or more years ago the little bar connected with the Café de la Paix, around the corner from the terrace, was a rendezvous, in the late afternoons, of leading newspaper correspondents: Vance Thompson, William R. Hereford, Lamar Middleton, and others of that day. Booth Tarkington was sometimes to be found there, and there Harry Leon Wilson met the prototype of the "Cousin Egbert" of his *Ruggles of Red Gap*. Otis, the American bartender, was the friend of all, and the banker of not a few. I wish I knew where Otis is; I should like to see him and talk about old times.

WEBER

21 Rue Royale

ONE of the most interesting observation points in Paris, the sidewalk terrace at Weber's is certain to be crowded at busy times of day. Weber's has for years enjoyed unique prestige as a place for light refreshments after the theatre,

and large though the rooms are, midnight invariably finds them packed with well-dressed people.

A place to see.

CAFÉ DE LA RÉGENCE

161 Rue St. Honoré, Place du Théâtre Français

NO LESS an authority than De Rochegude states that on the site now occupied by this café once stood the Porte St. Honoré of the city wall of Charles V, before which Joan of Arc was wounded, September 8, 1429. He adds that the Café de la Régence was founded in 1681 in the near-by Place du Palais Royal; that it was transferred to its present position in 1854, and that "one is shown the table at which Bonaparte played chess."

When first established this café was known as the Café du Palais Royal, and it was so called until 1718, when it took its present title. Romantic legend has it that the name *Régence* (regency) is associated with an attachment formed by Philip of Orléans, then Regent of the Kingdom of France, for the wife of the café's proprietor, a Madame Leclerc, famed as *La Belle Cafetière*.

In an old French comedy, *The Adventures of the Chevalier Faubas*, the café figures as a scene of amorous adventure; Lesage, author of *Gil Blas*, describes the place in his *Valise Trouvée*, and the Almanach du Dauphin for 1777 mentioned it as one of the oldest and most renowned cafés of Paris, frequented by the most skilful chess players. From that day to this it has been known as the Parisian headquarters of the game, and in one of the

rooms where players congregate may be seen, as De Rochegude says, the table at which Napoleon used to play.

Long before Napoleon's time, however, the café was a resort of celebrities, among them Diderot, Lesage, D'Alembert, Voltaire, and Jean Jacques Rousseau. At a later period came Beaumarchais, Camille Desmoulins, Barras, Marat, and the tragedian Talma, and there are records of visits by the Austrian Prince who later became Emperor Joseph II (see page 31), and by the son of Catherine of Russia, who visited Paris in 1780 and later became Czar Paul I. During the Terror, Robespierre was a regular client of the café, and the story is told of a girl who came there dressed in male attire, and after twice beating the tyrant at chess declared the penalty, which was that he spare the life of the man she loved. *Tiens!*

The Régence knew practically all the great literary and artistic figures of France in the past century, among them Murger, Victor Hugo, the Goncourts, and Alfred de Musset; and it is sometimes pointed out that the marble statue of De Musset, beside the Théâtre Français across the square, is so placed that it seems to look with longing eyes at the café. Toward the end of the First Empire the Count de Bourbonnais, champion chess player of Europe, frequented the Régence; in 1858 it was much used by Paul Morphy of New Orleans, and in our time Capablanca, the Cuban master of the game, has played there.

The restaurant operated in connection with the Café de la Régence is probably better than can be found in any

like establishment excepting the Café de la Paix. Considered by itself it would stand in my Third Group. Among its specialties are filet of sole Régence, lobster Newburg, kidneys Robert, filet of beef Palais Royal, chicken Régence, peach Melba, and the invariable crêpes Suzette. Prices are in the middle range, and the cellars contain wines above the average. An orchestra plays each evening in the café, and the people at the tables are for the most part French.

The Régence is probably the oldest café now existing in Paris, and is to me the most interesting of them all.

BRASSERIE UNIVERSELLE

31 Avenue de l'Opéra

FOR many years this place has been famous for its wide variety of delicious hors d'œuvres. People often make a whole lunch from them, and it was long ago found necessary to charge more for hors d'œuvres if other dishes were not ordered. With a meat or fish course the charge is seven francs, but if one eats only hors d'œuvres it is twelve francs.

With time the brasserie has become less a drinking-place than a restaurant, and if I were classifying it among regular restaurants I should place it with those of my third group. The menu is extensive, the cooking above the average in merit and below the average in price; the portions of food served are old-fashioned in their generosity, and all in all it is a great place for a big gorge.

When I last lunched there I watched with amazement

the repast of a French family at the next table. After eating all the hors d'œuvres in sight they had a filet de barbie au Chablis with mushrooms and truffles, accompanied by a bottle of Mersault, a grilled chicken with several vegetables, accompanied by Margaux '21, salad, foie-gras, a huge cherry tart, and as I left they were manifesting drowsy interest in the cheese and fruit.

Besides hors d'œuvres the specialties of the Brasserie are filets of sole, a daily *plat*, and fruit cup.

DRÉHER (Guillot)

1 Rue St. Denis, Place du Chatelet

THIS is one of the pleasantest café-restaurant-brasserie establishments I know in Paris. The food is not elaborate but is good, and the cellar contains some excellent wines at reasonable rates, among them a Romanée St. Vivant 1921, and for a dessert wine a Château Suduiraut, crème de tête, 1900, that is a bargain at one hundred and twenty francs.

The great feature of this place is a good orchestra which plays well-selected programmes of classical music and crowds the café nightly.

BRASSERIE LORRAINE

Place des Ternes

THE region of the Place des Ternes has always interested me, perhaps because I feel that, being so far from the Grand Boulevards, it belongs to the Paris, not of the visitor, but of the French.

The Brasserie Lorraine is perhaps the largest café of the district. The sidewalk terrace is an admirable place from which to watch the world go by, and within is a brasserie restaurant, specializing in cold meats, lobster, oysters, and shrimps.

TAVERNE DU PANTHÉON

63 Boulevard St. Michel

THIS old house has long been one of the best Latin Quarter café-restaurants. Twenty-five years ago it had a settled air, and I cannot see that it has changed at all since. Besides its café and its restaurant it has private dining rooms, billiard rooms, and, in the cellar, a cabaret which is open all night. The menu here is as complete as in many full-fledged restaurants, the food is satisfactory, and prices are reasonable.

SOUFFLET

25 Boulevard St. Michel

SOUFFLET has been a popular café-restaurant for many years, and has lately been entirely remodelled and redecorated. It is a favourite resort of students and others, and is celebrated for good meals at moderate cost. Its specialties are sole Soufflet, chicken en cocotte, kidneys, filet of beef, grilled mushrooms, crêpes, bananas flambées, and ice cream. The café is on the ground floor and the bar and restaurant are above. Good draught beer, and for a place of this class, a fair cellar.

CAFÉS OF MONTPARNASSE

THE MONTPARNASSE district, still largely inhabited by artists, writers, students, and loafers, is not the Latin Quarter, as it is sometimes called, the latter being the region surrounding the Sorbonne, at the other side of the Luxembourg Gardens. The centre of Montparnasse is at the intersection of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail near which is to be found a group of cafés and bars much frequented by neighbourhood folk, many of them Americans, and by sightseers, many of them also Americans.

CAFÉ DU DÔME

Boulevard Montparnasse, corner Rue Delambre

TWENTY years ago this was a pleasant café used largely by American artists. There were billiard games and little poker games in the afternoon. But the Montparnasse region has become almost as much a show place as Montmartre, and sightseeing busses run out there now. The wide sidewalk terrace at the Dôme is filled at all hours of the afternoon and night, and what Gilbert White calls "the young Ægeneration" is well represented in the crowd. Youthful wasters from all parts of the United States, who have come to Paris in the name of art and are living on money from home, may always be found there with their girl-friends and boy-friends. So may

South Americans and Britons and Spaniards and Scandinavians and Japanese and Chinamen and Russians. *7 Sept.* The Dôme has lately opened an annex that runs far down the block, with a bar, decorated and lighted in the modern manner. You can get corn flakes for breakfast if you want them. One hot plat du jour is served daily; also eggs, cold meats, sausages, club sandwiches, etc.

Something of the present spirit of the neighbourhood is indicated by the fact that the Dingo Bar, just around the corner in the Rue Delambre, advertises itself as part of the scenery in Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*.

LA COUPOLE

102 Boulevard Montparnasse

THE newest, showiest, and largest of Boulevard Montparnasse cafés, always crowded and full of life, the Coupole draws a mixed lot of spenders—at least, they are spenders by comparison with the frequenters of neighbouring cafés. One may sit and drink here amid modernistic decorations, bright lights, and noisy crowds, or one may lunch, dine, or sup at a fairly moderate price, or, if the weather be mild, one may go upstairs, where, as I recall it, the prices also go up. The upstairs restaurant is an agreeable outdoor place overlooking the Boulevard, and meals are by no means cheap. The cooking is pretty good, but one goes there—at least I do—less in the rôle of eater than in that of onlooker. For this is the dining-place of the Montparnasse smart set—a set composed largely of young artists of various races whose

monthly remittances are sufficiently generous to permit their keeping automobiles and women.

CAFÉ DE LA ROTONDE

105 Boulevard Montparnasse, corner Boulevard Raspail

THE Rotonde is less self-conscious than the Dôme, across the way. Always on the terrace at the Dôme is a scattering of solemn, pale-faced men and women with unkempt hair and tortoise-shell spectacles, who sit as if posing for their pictures as members of the intelligentsia, but at the Rotonde no one cares whether you think him of the intelligentsia or not.

The terrace crowd is large and rather nondescript. Upstairs, after dark, it is a fairly wild place, for the dancing room is thronged with persons out to make a night of it, many of whom look as if they made a night of it every night. The walls are hung with pictures by local artists. Regular meals are served.

LE SELECT

Boulevard Montparnasse, corner Rue Vavin

OF THE four large cafés on the block this one is perhaps the sanest, though I did encounter there one evening an astrologer girl from Nebraska who was busy being a bohemian. Those things are, however, bound to happen, and I know, on the other hand, that the Select has among its patrons some painters who can really paint. Like its neighbours, this café has an American bar and serves

cold suppers, Welsh rarebit, cheese fondue, and special dishes. It is a pleasant place, not so exciting as the jazzed-up Coupole, across the way, but with better service and a more friendly air. An advertisement tells me it is open all night. I suppose the others are, too, but I never sat up to find out.

LA GRANDE CHAUMIÈRE

112 Boulevard Montparnasse, corner Boulevard Raspail

SITUATED on a flatiron-shaped corner, facing the Cafés du Dôme and Rotonde, this is one of the better eating-places of the gay Montparnasse quarter—a bright place with sidewalk terraces on both boulevards, and dining rooms hung with paintings by local artists. The building in which it is located houses a hotel, the Raspail, which in the old days was called the Haute-Loire. Twenty-five years ago it was pointed out to me as the place where Whistler stayed when he first came to Paris.

Specialties of the Grande Chaumière are trout farcie (stuffed), and braised truffles Martel. Prices are medium.

LE VERSAILLES

Place de Rennes, opposite Gare Montparnasse

A LONG-ESTABLISHED place less self-consciously “artistic” than the several Montparnasse cafés already mentioned. Lately done over with bright modernistic lighting. There is a billiard hall and, at the back, a dance hall used every night and at tea-time on Sundays.



AMERICAN FOOD



CHAPTER XII

AMERICAN FOOD

IN THE old days I knew but one restaurant where American dishes could be had, and that one, Vian's, opposite the Hôtel Chatham, has disappeared. Since the war, however, many small American restaurants and tea rooms have sprung up all over the city, and the citizen of the United States, oppressed by a nostalgia, may now soothe himself with dishes ranging from corn flakes and shredded wheat to chicken Maryland, waffles, sundaes, and soda-water.

S A M ' S

3 Rue Taitbout

THIS house, just off the Boulevard, near the American Consulate and the Guaranty Trust Company's office, is the largest and brightest restaurant in Paris making a specialty of American food. It is open all the time except for a short period after 7 A. M.

"Who is Sam?" I asked a waiter.

"Il n'existe pas, monsieur."

"Is he dead?"

"Mais non, monsieur, il n'a jamais existé."

"Sam" is, in short, a company, composed of several Plouvier brothers, some of whom have worked in restaurants in England, others in the United States. The establishment is neither quite French nor quite American, but is a mixture, with a menu printed in both languages. Besides a restaurant, a lunch room, a grill, a bar, and a not discreditable wine list, it has a soda fountain. What more could one ask?

SHEVLIN'S

79 Rue des Petits Champs

A CLEAN little restaurant between the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opéra. "Do you crave American food?" asks Shevlin's advertisement, and without waiting for you to answer it goes on: "How about a breakfast of grapefruit, fresh eggs with crisp slices of bacon, hot biscuits or griddle cakes, and a cup of real coffee with CREAM? These and other American dishes, including baked beans, fried chicken, corned beef hash, waffles, and pie, can be had for breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner from nine in the morning until nine at night except Sundays."

That is the story. Shevlin's prices are in the middle range. It is one of the best places of its kind.

SHERRY'S

6 Rue de Castiglione

A SMART and expensive American breakfast, luncheon, and tea room, between the Rue de Rivoli and the Place Vendôme, serving, among other things, superb coffee with rich cream. And of course coffee is one of the few things on which French kitchens, even the best of them, fall down. Unlike the average Parisian restaurant, where people sit two hours over luncheon, Sherry's has the American idea of quick service. You can lunch there in half an hour, between fittings. There is a soda fountain, too.

SHERRY'S

6 Rond-Point des Champs Élysées

A BRANCH of the above house.

AU BON ACCUEIL

7 Rue du 29 Juillet

ONE of the few restaurants in Paris catering to an American clientele where prices are reasonable and service is fairly good. Corned beef hash and baked potatoes throughout the year, and corn on the cob in the late summer. A convenient place for a quick lunch when in the Place Vendôme district, but always crowded.

DES ALPES (Robin)

10 Rue du Marché St. Honoré

A VERY plain, cheap little place, usually crowded to the doors, with a menu partly in French and partly in English. American coffee, corn bread, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, pie, fruitcake, shortcake, etc. The restaurant was much used by American officers during the war. Since then it has changed hands, but the star-spangled tradition has continued.

BUTLER'S PANTRY

17 Rue Jules Chaplain

A PLEASANT little place, new and clean, located in a picturesque and quiet street a few steps from the surging centre of Montparnasse. Specialties: fried chicken Maryland with corn fritters, liver and bacon, hamburger steak, corn bread, cinnamon rolls, corn pudding, and a variety of desserts. There is a bar, and one has to give no password.

LITTLE BROWN JUG

15 Carrefour de l'Odéon (Not the Place de l'Odéon)

A PLAIN little place in the centre of the old Latin Quarter. Fried chicken, roast ham, hashed brown potatoes, wheat-cakes with maple syrup, soda biscuits, and everything else to remind you of home. Prices low.

MARGARET BROWN

115 Rue de la Convention

THE usual line of American food for those who are weary of rich French sauces. Inexpensive. Table d'hôte dinner.

LA PETITE CASSEROLLE

2 Rue Delambre

ANOTHER little place for homesick hearts and tummies tired of the *haute cuisine*. Located just back of the Café du Dôme, where so many young Americans sit all afternoon and talk about big things they're going to do someday—maybe. The food has the real American flavour. If doughnuts fail to make an appearance on "doughnut day" there are sad faces in Montparnasse.

MARGARET

41 Rue St. Augustin

A LUNCHEON and tea place just off the Avenue de l'Opéra, presided over by an Englishwoman who for more than twenty years has employed an American negro cook. This man, whose name is Thomas, is coveted by many members of the foreign colony, but no one has ever been able to get him away from Margaret. Excellent pies, cakes, doughnuts, etc., served on the premises or sent out if you are having a party. Closed on Sundays.

ELZA LEE

*Passage du Commerce St. André,
130 Boulevard St. Germain*

LUNCHEON, tea, and dinner are served here, American style, in a district redolent of Old Paris.

The passage was opened in 1776, and its site was in earlier times occupied by the city ramparts built by Philip Augustus. In the house at No. 8 Passage du Commerce, Marat had his printing press, and at No. 9 was a butcher's shop where Dr. Guillotine tried out his machine on sheep. This machine was far from being the first of its kind, such instruments having been previously used in Scotland, England, Germany, and other countries. Guillotine's purpose in proposing to the Constituent Assembly of 1789 that the machine be used in all cases of capital punishment was both democratic and humane, for the privilege of death by decapitation had until then been reserved for nobles, and the sword was not always sure. It is frequently said that the doctor himself died under the knife of the guillotine during the Reign of Terror, but that is not the case. He died a natural death in 1814.

The building at No. 8 is an actual part of the foundation of Philip Augustus's wall, dating from the Thirteenth Century, and just around the corner from this is the extremely picturesque Cour de Rouen, with traces of a fine old Renaissance house. The little terrace is a fragment of the old wall.

Across the street from the entrance to the Passage, on the Boulevard St. Germain, is a statue of Danton which stands on the site of his house, demolished when the Boulevard was cut through.

CHICAGO-TEXAS INN

31 Avenue de la Bourdonnais

WILLIS MORGAN, a tall mulatto who runs this place, has worked on private cars and dining cars back home. He advertises "no music—good eats." Morgan came over to the war as a baker with the Rainbow Division but, to his sorrow, was removed from the bakery and put to work as a stevedore. After the Armistice he was steward of an officers' club at Nantes. "I'm the leavings of the A. E. F.," he told me. His place, not far from the Eiffel Tower, is small and plain, and as one enters one is likely to hear American voices talking fondly of corned beef hash with a poached egg, sweet corn, and "punkin" pie.

MITCHELL'S

35 Rue Pigalle

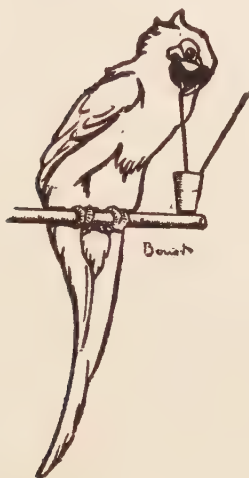
A QUICK lunch place in Montmartre, run by an American negro. Open day and night. Popular as a port of call after the closing of the night clubs.

COLLEGE INN

28 Rue Vavin

A BAR and lunch room, principally nocturnal, run by Jed Kiley, in the Montparnasse district, near the Dôme and the Rotonde. Not precisely a place for the *jeune fille*. Piano and singing.

AFTERNOON TEA





CHAPTER XIII

AFTERNOON TEA

THE most delightful places for tea in mild weather are the tree-shaded establishments of the Bois de Boulogne, especially Armenonville, the Pré Catelan and

BAGATELLE

Bois de Boulogne

A CHARMING tea place little known to visitors in Paris. The setting is like that of a superb private estate with lawns, gardens, handsome trees, a little lake, and a grotto. Go early and stroll about the gardens. Tea, ices, and cakes. Summer only.

TEA ROOMS WITHIN THE CITY

SHERRY'S
6 Rue de Castiglione
and
6 Rond-Point des Champs Élysées

TWO American establishments. No music. (See page 229.)

RUMPELMAYER
226 Rue de Rivoli

A LONG-ESTABLISHED and fashionable French tea room, very crowded. Delicious pastry and occasional dog fights. No music.

LA POTINIÈRE DE DOULCE FRANCE
Arcade des Champs Élysées

TEA and light lunches in the middle of this gay arcade, or in the candy shop if you prefer it. Excellent orchestra four-thirty to seven-fifteen and nine-thirty to midnight. A lively place with crowds continually stirring.

W. H. SMITH & SON
248 Rue de Rivoli

ONE of the oldest tea rooms in Paris, over the Corner Bookshop of this firm. Exceptionally good tea with scones

AFTERNOON TEA

239

and other English specialties. The latest magazines on hand. No music.

CHEZ FAST

13 Rue Royale

AN ATTRACTIVE upstairs tea room entered through a bookshop. A fortune teller in attendance. No music.

MARGARET

41 Rue St. Augustin

QUIET place. Fine cake. (See page 231.)

IRAN

7 Rue de Ponthieu

A CHIC little tea room with small balalaika orchestra and Russian singers. Rather expensive but worth it.

OUSSADBA RUSSE

84 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré

SMART clientele. Russian music.

TIEREM BOYARD

38 Rue de Berri

DIM lights and Russian music.

PEER GYNT

1 Avenue de Messine

A NORWEGIAN tea room with interesting decorations and Scandinavian music.

À LA MARQUISE DE SEVIGNE

11 Boulevard de la Madeleine

A SMART French tea room behind a candy shop. Hot chocolate a specialty. No music.

POTEL & CHABOT

4 Avenue Victor Hugo

EXCELLENT pastry. No music.

IXE

24 Rue Royale

GOOD pastry. Likely to be crowded below stairs.

REBATTET

12 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré

A FASHIONABLE caterer. Good pastry and ices. Smart French clientele.

FLAMMANG

6 Rue de Valois

SUPERB ices. (See page 3.)



NIGHT CLUBS



CHAPTER XIV

NIGHT CLUBS

IN MY young and foolish days the plateau of the Place Pigalle was the centre of Montmartre night life, and the two most famous all-night restaurants—we didn't call them night clubs then—were L'Abbaye and the Rat Mort. One heard of nights when a king, a crown prince, and a grand duke, each from a different land, competed in buying champagne for the *cocottes* at L'Abbaye until the cold blue light of the Paris dawn came seeping through the skylight.

Dissipation was then a cruder, less complicated thing than it has since become. No decent Frenchwoman would have thought of going to Maxim's, L'Abbaye, or the Rat Mort. The only respectable women who ever went to such places were foreigners, usually Americans, and the husbands who took them were regarded by Europeans as childlike fools—which generally they were. As for young girls, they simply didn't know about that side of life, and their presence in these resorts was unthinkable.

But thank heaven we have arrived at better times! Enlightenment has come to us, and the old-fashioned ideas which so outrageously limited woman's horizon have been done away with. Now she is able to taste life to the full. She can go to night clubs. She can rub elbows with thieves, gigolos, and prostitutes. She can paint like a prostitute, dress like a prostitute, get drunk like a prostitute, do everything she wants to like a prostitute. At last she is free, free! Night life has changed from a man's sport to a woman's sport. It is woman who is now most active in keeping it alive. It is she who cries, "Come on! Let's go!"

To complete my information on the present nocturnal activities of Paris I have been obliged to consult my younger and more lively friends, two of whom have been so kind as to outline for my benefit—and yours—a "swell night" in Paris, for two, at a cost of about one thousand francs, or forty dollars.

Tea-dancing, Bœuf sur le Toit. Dinner-dancing (9: 30 to 11: 30), Chez Victor. Liqueurs (11: 30 to 12: 30), Fred Payne's bar. Dancing and Seeing American Friends (12: 30 to 1: 30), Zelli's. Dancing (1: 30 to 3), Grand Ecart. Scrambled Eggs (3 A. M.), Mitchell's American hole-in-the-wall lunch room.

And here is the list of night clubs, etc., they think worthwhile:

BATEAU IVRE

3 Place de l'Odéon, Left Bank

SUPPER club, not in Montmartre. Bar, dancing, American music, not expensive. New and good. Must bring your own girl.

LE GRAND ÉCART

7 Rue Fromentin, Montmartre

YOUNG France making whoopee—only place on Hill frequented by flesh-and-blood French. Small and smart. Champagne not obligatory. Open all night. Bar. Good cuisine. Dancing.

PILE OU FACE

59 Rue Pigalle, Montmartre

THE name means "heads or tails." A new place with good music. Not very large, but noisy. No cabaret. Dancing.



FLORIDA

20 Rue de Clichy, Montmartre

REDECORATED. New management. Pizarro and his four guitars are well worth hearing. Dancing.

SHÉHÉRAZADE

3 Rue de Liège, Montmartre

SMALL. Russian music, expensive but very good.

CAZENOVA

16 Avenue Rachel, Montmartre

CHAMPAGNE obligatory. Russian singers. Dancing.

PERROQUET

16 Rue de Clichy, near Montmartre

SAME building as the Casino de Paris. Resembles Florida, and, like it, is very expensive. Champagne. Plenty of well-known faces—Mary Garden, Mrs. Nash, Dolly Sisters. Dancing.

BLUE ROOM

17 Rue Caumartin

A SMART supper and dancing place, closed in summer. Was the most fashionable of them all a year or two ago. Located downtown, just off the Grand Boulevards.

LIDO

Arcade des Champs Élysées

DANCING after 10 P. M. Adjacent to a swimming pool. Picturesque modern decoration. Floor entertainment, and show in pool. Bar and light refreshments. A fantastic and amusing place.

ZELLI'S

Rue Fontaine, Montmartre

PLACE to meet the people who came over on the boat with you. Joe Zelli is the original glad-hand artist, and runs a truck farm while his customers sleep it off.

CHEZ FLORENCE

Rue Blanche, Montmartre

RUN by a coloured woman who fancies snow-white evening gowns. Good American Negro jazz. A small place with tiny dance floor. Princeton, Yale, and Harvard will be there. Champagne compulsory.

PALERMO

Rue Fontaine, Montmartre

GOOD when South American tobacco men are in town. Otherwise tough. Best tango orchestra. Champagne forced and high.

FRED PAYNE'S

Rue Pigalle, Montmartre

BAR. Leading hangout of American and English actors and entertainers who live in Montmartre. Very good place to stop on the way up the Hill. No dancing.

CLOCHE D'OR

Opposite Moulin Rouge, Montmartre

NO DANCING. Native wild life gathers after other joints close. Good bar. Wandering singers. Little known to tourists. A good place to get your throat cut in an expensive setting.



WHAT PARIS DRINKS
With Chart of Vintage Years



CHAPTER XV

WHAT PARIS DRINKS

Nobles

FINE old wines come high, even in Paris, and they seldom frequent an eating-place which is not itself old and fine.

If your purse be plump, betake yourself to Foyot, Voisin, Larue, the Tour d'Argent, Joseph, or Lapérouse, and be advised of the *sommelier*. Taste a fragrant Chambertin, 1869; the honey and almond of a Montrachet, 1898; a soft and mellow Château Latour, 1887; or even a sweet and syrupy Château d'Yquem, 1904. These are costly wines but, like anything else that stands at the top, are worth the price. They are the Nobles of wine, the *Grands Seigneurs*.

Bourgeois

But there are wines of lesser lineage which are charming and not so dear. A good rule is to set aside for wine and

liqueur 20 per cent. to 40 per cent. of your allowance for the meal, explain your tastes to the wine waiter, and follow his advice.

He may serve a famous wine of a recent year: a Musigny, 1919; a Château Ausone, 1920; a Chablis Clos, 1921; or a Meursault, 1923. Or his choice may fall on an old vintage of less renown; a Beaune, 1911; a Volnay, 1906; a Barsac, 1908; or perhaps on a Côte Rotie or an Hermitage from the valley of the Rhône. These chaps are gentlemen, well bred and attractive. They are the typical French *Bourgeoisie*.

Plebes

Palatable wines of humble race are found for a few francs at restaurants of every class, bottled or in carafe. If you are economical order a carafe (or even a *demi*), and so save the cost of bottling. These wines rest in casks below-stairs and are drawn as wanted, like cider or draught beer.

The carafe may introduce a Claret (Bordeaux Rouge) or a Graves (Bordeaux Blanc), a Vouvray or an Anjou from the Valley of the Loire, an Arbois from the Juras, or a Rosé from Tavel. The modest bottle may be red: a Médoc or a St. Emilion from Bordeaux, a Pommard or a Mâcon from Burgundy. Or, if white, a Pouilly Fumé from the Loire, a Seyssel from Savoy, or a Riesling from Alsace. Merry, husky fellows these, of mixed blood, perhaps, and in their shirtsleeves, not over-refined. They are the Peasants of wine, the Plebes.

Wine Districts

The main districts for French wines are Bordeaux, Burgundy (Côte d'Or), Côtes du Rhône, the Loire, Champagne, and Alsace.

Bordeaux wines are smooth, refined, and elegant, fully appreciated only by *amateurs*, as the French call students of wine.

Burgundies are round and full, fruity, and easy to understand on short acquaintance.

Rhône wines resemble Burgundies rather than Bordeaux. They are not so fine or rich as good Burgundies, but, having less renown, they give more value for the money.

The Loire produces light, agreeable wines, usually moderate in price and usually white.

Champagne is famous for its effervescing and artificial white wine, commonly identified with celebrations and merriment.

Alsace has good white wines resembling their Rhine and Moselle cousins.

Good wines also come from the Jura Mountains, Savoy, and the Pyrenees. Vast quantities are produced in the hot regions of the south of France, but most of them are best let alone; beer, or even water, is better.

VINTAGE YEARS

Let no one scoff at the man who concerns himself with "vintage years." They are worth the trouble of

learning, for a modest wine of a good year is often better than a Chambertin, or a Château Lafite, of a bad year. In 1921 the wine from Château Lafite was so poor that it was sold as *vin ordinaire*. In 1926 the humblest Bordeaux and Burgundies took on qualities of *grands seigneurs*. In modest restaurants you may see many great names on the wine list, but seldom the number of a vintage year.

Vintage years are those which have rain enough to bring the grapes to full size, sun enough in August and September to develop sweetness and flavour, and atmospheric conditions, including dryness and temperature, suitable for proper fermentation of the juice. Compare the flavour of a hard, green, small-sized grape with a sweet, juicy grape which has grown to full size and maturity in a hot September sun, and you will see what the seasons have to do with the quality of wine.

Hot sun gives flavour and sugar to the grape, the flavour determines the taste of the wine and its bouquet, the sugar produces alcohol by fermentation, alcohol preserves the wine to a ripe old age, and a ripe old age is necessary to eliminate impurities and acidities, bring out the colour, and develop delicacies and complexities of flavour and bouquet. At this stage a great wine becomes rich, mellow, smooth, and velvety.

Roughly speaking, fine wine in a well-corked bottle has about the same life as a human being. It is crude and green when young, reaching its prime in thirty or forty years. And, like some persons, it gains from advancing years a certain suaveness, delicacy, and elegance at the

VINTAGE YEARS

Three stars means *fine*; two stars *good*; one star *fair*.

	BOR- DEAUX ROUGE	BOR- DEAUX BLANC	BUR- GUNDY	RHÔNE	LOIRE	CHAM- PAGNE	ALSACE	BRANDY
1900	***	***	***	***	***	***	***	***
1901	*	**	*		***			
1904	***	***	***	***	***	***	***	***
1906	***	**	***	***	***	***	***	***
1907	*	*	**		*			
1908		**	*	**	*			**
1911	**	**	***	***	***	***	***	**
1914	*	*	*	**	***	**	**	***
1915			***	***		**	**	**
1916	**	**	*	*	**		*	**
1917	*	**			**		*	**
1918	*	**		**	**			
1919	*	**	***	***	***	***	**	**
1920	***	*	*	***	**	**	**	***
1921	**	***	**	**	***	***	***	**
1922		*		**	***			***
1923	**	*	***	***	**	***	**	**
1924	***	**	*	**	**	*	***	***
1925	*			*	**	*		
1926	***	***	***	***	**	***	**	***
1927	*	**			*			
1928 (?)	***	***	***	***	***	***	***	***

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VINTAGE YEARS

Three stars means *fine*; two stars *good*; one star *fair*.

	BOR- DEAUX ROUGE	BOR- DEAUX BLANC	BUR- GUNDY	RHÔNE	LOIRE	CHAM- PAGNE	ALSACE	BRANDY
1900	***	***	***	***	***	***	***	***
1901	*	**	*		***			
1904	***	***	***	***	***	***	***	***
1906	***	**	***	***	***	***	***	***
1907	*	*	**		*			
1908		**	*	**	*			**
1911	**	**	***	***	***	***	***	**
1914	*	*	*	**	***	**	**	***
1915			***	***		**	**	**
1916	**	**	*	*	**		*	**
1917	*	**			**		*	**
1918	*	**		**	**			
1919	*	**	***	***	***	***	**	**
1920	***	*	*	***	**	**	**	***
1921	**	***	**	**	***	***	***	**
1922		*		**	***			***
1923	**	*	***	***	**	***	**	**
1924	***	**	*	**	**	*	***	***
1925	*			*	**	*		
1926	***	***	***	***	**	***	**	***
1927	*	**			*			
1928 (?)	***	***	***	***	***	***	***	***

expense of strength and vigour. After twenty or thirty years a great Burgundy of a great year develops a superb bouquet, which tends to increase as the taste or body fades.

If a cork is not tight, the wine will become sour and turn to vinegar. Even with a tight cork, it may turn and become bitter when its life is past. Or it may merely become feeble and taste like the ghost of its former self. Some white wines, as Sauternes or Rhine wines, often resemble Madeira in extreme age, becoming what the French call "*madérisés*."

Commit to memory the following years, which were great in most wines and brandies: 1848, 1865, 1869, 1870, 1874, 1878, 1887, 1895, 1899, 1900, 1904, 1906, 1911, 1923, 1926, and 1928. The vintage years in the various districts will be given in detail when we come to handle them separately. They differ greatly. Fortunately for wine-drinkers, we have had a fine series of years in the last decade: for Bordeaux, 1920, 1921 (in part), 1923, 1924, 1926, and 1928; for Burgundies, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1926, and 1928. Some of the other recent years are very good. The 1923 wines have matured quickly.

The table on the next page gives in graphic form all the good years of the present century. Opinions differ, of course, but this table is the result of years of experiment among good wines, and of careful consultations with wine waiters and experts.

No year is listed in our table unless it is at least good in one wine and fair in two others. The year 1912, for example, is fair in several wines but does not quite meet

the test. It must therefore be excluded, although the great Clarets of 1912 are still fragrant and delightful.

It is interesting to note that our test excludes only seven years between 1900 and 1928, and none between 1913 and 1928.

Years merely fair in certain wines receive mention in the sections of this chapter dealing with those particular wines.

The variations in certain years between Bordeaux Rouge and Bordeaux Blanc are important enough to warrant a special column for the latter, especially in 1901, 1908, 1919, and 1927. It seems almost like dethroning a queen to drop 1906 from the front rank, even in a single wine, but Bordeaux blanc of that great vintage has begun to change to the flavour of Madeira.

Opinions vary as to the merits of Bordeaux Rouge in the years 1911, 1912, 1914, 1916, 1917, 1918, and 1919. Our table represents the latest appraisalment; for these wines are constantly changing as time goes on. The year 1911 was classed as great up to about 1920; since then it has been slipping and can no longer be placed in the highest rank. 1912, never rated high, claims some bottles which are still delicious. 1914 was considered excellent at first, but it is going fast. 1916, placed below the best at the outset, has pushed up to the level of 1911 and may yet overtop it. 1917 and 1919, highly esteemed by some, give evidence of weakness; at this writing 1919 is standing up well. 1918, little considered at first, has gained many friends and may yet be entitled to two stars. All agree upon the great merit of 1920.

As regards Champagne, the same situation exists to a less extent. The years 1914, 1915, and 1917 have all been recommended by experts for the highest honours, but 1914 and 1915 have not fulfilled their promise, while 1917 has all but disappeared from good wine lists.

Rhône wines are difficult because their locations are far flung, and specific years sometimes vary in proportion. For example, the years 1916 and 1922 were excellent for Châteauneuf du Pape, but not for wines in the Hermitage district, to the north. The same variations may be noted to a less extent in the Valley of the Loire.

The Brandy (*Eau de Vie*) vintage years are exact only for cognac (*Fine Champagne*), but they give a fair index for all brandies.

FOOD AND WINE

It is usual at restaurants to begin with food which is ready to serve or quickly cooked, so that guests may not be kept waiting while the roast is on the spit. Another rule is to begin with food which is light and delicate, leaving the rich food with pronounced flavour for the end. Thus we begin with soup, or hors d'œuvre, an omelette, or perhaps fruit and melon. Then shellfish, fish, or any other sort of sea food (which is lacking in red blood), or a light entrée. We are ready next for a chicken, a duck, or a roast. Then follow salad, sweets, cheese, fruit, and coffee.

Wine is served on the same principle. The light, thin wines come first with the light and delicate food. Bordeaux and Burgundy come with the poultry, the red

meat, and the cheese. Sweet wines and Champagne accompany the dessert. There is a steady crescendo of flavour, ending after the coffee with brandy and liqueurs.

Following these rules, you will serve early in the meal white wines which are not sweet, as Chablis, Pouilly, Meursault, Montrachet, Vouvray, Saumur, or Alsace. It is a convention (backed by reason) to serve Chablis with oysters or other shellfish. If some woman in the party is misguided enough (and honest enough!) to express her preference for a sweet wine with the fish, compromise on a white Bordeaux such as Barsac, or Château Filhot of a poor year, which are light and not so syrupy as a Château d'Yquem. "Good years" in Sauternes mean "extra sweet."

If there are two kinds of red wine, the entrée will usher in the lighter, usually a Bordeaux or a light Rhône wine, a red Anjou (Chinon or Bourgueil) or a Jura (Arbois). With the roast or game there should be a fine old Bordeaux, a Burgundy, or one of the great wines from the Côtes du Rhône, such as Hermitage, Côte Rotie, or Châteauneuf du Pape. Never serve another red wine after a Burgundy, for a heavy wine kills the flavour of one less rich.

Jelly and salad present serious problems. Many people like a bit of jelly with duck or venison. But a taste of jelly (or other sweet) will knock the romance out of the finest bottle of Bordeaux or Burgundy for the rest of the meal. If you prefer the jelly, eat it and take the consequences; if you prefer the wine, let the jelly alone; but it is not a fair choice to put before your guests.

The salad problem is not so difficult. The vinegar in

salads (and in *hors d'œuvre*) does not go well with wine, and for that reason the French keep the cheese for a later and special course, when the wine may be resumed. If salad and cheese are served together, the vinegar taste may be softened by a bite of cheese just before a sip of wine. But not even Roquefort will wipe from the palate the sugary stain of jelly.

Red wine is admirable with cheese. If some old red Bordeaux or Burgundy is left in the bottle, most wine-lovers will ask for a bit of Brie, Roquefort, or Pont l'Evêque, and decline the dessert, ending their repast with coffee and a fine old brandy, sipping first one and then the other. If they take a sweet liqueur at all, they will drink it after the brandy. The best of brandy seems harsh after a Chartreuse or Bénédictine.

Those who eat a sweet dessert may take with it a Sauterne (Château d'Yquem, Suduiraut, or Coutet) a Muscat from Tunis, a Banyuls from the Pyrenees, or a Champagne.

There are plenty of good wines (white and red) which are delightful throughout a meal, not too sweet for the meat nor too heavy for the fish. In white, try a fine Graves or Vouvray, or a Burgundy, such as Meursault, Corton, or Montrachet, or a Rhône wine—Hermitage or Château Grillet. Almost any sound red wine will answer from soup to cheese, but not with sweets. Why not, however, have a half bottle of white, followed by a half bottle of red?

As to Champagne, there are differences of opinion. Some hold that it has no proper place with an ordinary

meal, but should be reserved for wedding breakfasts, late suppers and balls, where quick results in the way of merriment are desired. Others like it (not too sweet) throughout a formal dinner, but in most cases it is at least delayed till the dessert. Tastes and usages differ. Champagne seems at present to be more popular with Americans (North and South) than with the French. But that may be partly due to the expense. At official dinners it is of course imperative.

Handling

Old wines always have some desposit (*dépot*) in the bottom of the bottle, not to be confused with the lees (*lie*) which settle in the cask before bottling. In good white wines the deposit is negligible. Red wines are often decanted: i. e., poured off carefully into a decanter, leaving the *dépot* in the bottle. In most restaurants good red wines are allowed to rest on their sides in a basket (*corbeille*). It looks expensive and suggests that the wine is so old that there is danger of stirring up the *dépot*.

The truth is that the *dépot* is not half so alarming as the sommeliers would have you think. They have been known to suggest decanting and, when refused, to confess that they have no bottle of the vintage ordered. Nor is the taste of the *dépot* very disagreeable. It is usually nothing but the colouring matter (*pigment*) which has settled to the bottom, leaving the *pelure d'ognon* (red onion skin tint) which is so much admired.

Pour into a wineglass all that is left in the bottle after the *dépot* begins to appear. Allow it to settle five minutes

and see how quickly and accurately the dregs will separate from the wine. Then taste it as far as you like. The result will probably be that you will think decanting superfluous and a door for fraud, and that you will prefer to see the mellow fluid poured from the mouth of the ancient bottle where it has made its home so many years. Even the merits of a basket have been disputed. Insist upon inspecting the cork, which should bear the stamp of the proprietor unless the wine is very old indeed.

Temperature

White wines should be iced. Red Bordeaux should be a little warmer than the temperature of the dining room. Red Burgundy need not be so warm. A safe rule is to let any red wine stand in the room a few hours before serving.

A great red wine, which is strong in flavour and in alcohol, does not need to be warmed (*chambré*). A poor wine will develop more flavour if it is warmed, just as chocolate is sweeter on a hot day.

How to Enjoy Wine

Never drink good wine to quench thirst. Beer and water are better for that purpose, or a cheaper wine mixed with water. Wine should be admired for its colour and perfume, and then sipped slowly for its flavour and after-taste. The comfortable sensations which follow will take care of themselves.

For good wine use a thin white glass of large size and fill it less than half full. Hold it up to the light and

admire its amber or ruby colour (*robe*). Give to the glass a circular motion (easily mastered by practice) and allow the wine to spread over the inner surface of the glass, thus releasing the perfume. Enjoy the perfume as a prelude to the taste.

Then take a small sip and with the tongue spread the wine around the mouth and against the palate. See how many flavours you can distinguish before swallowing, and how many flavours of taste and perfume in the palate and the back of the nose after swallowing—what is called the “after-taste.”

Then put your glass down and presently take another sip. Above all don't drink it. If you do, you will soon have too much, and you will have lost half the enjoyment.

An experienced wine-taster, or *sommelier*, and some “amateurs,” can usually tell the district, the *château*, or vineyard from which a good bottle proceeds, and the year of its vintage. Each year has its distinctive flavour.

Wine Cards

The wine list (*carte des vins*) of the average Paris restaurant will contain these headings: Vins en Carafes; Bordeaux Rouges; Burgognes Rouges; Bordeaux Blancs; Bourgogne Blancs; Côtes du Rhône; Anjou; Alsace et Rhin; Champagnes; Liqueurs; and Eaux Minérales. The majority of patrons will not go beyond the first four headings.

BORDEAUX

Red Bordeaux

Bordeaux Rouge is our old friend "claret." It is produced in profusion near Bordeaux from a multitude of châteaux and vineyards. One large and prosperous district is St. Julien, associated in American minds with the ceremony of mixing punch on the Glorious Fourth, or a stolen meal at a bohemian restaurant in early youth. St. Julien contains a dozen classed growths (*crus*), no one of which in a vintage year bears any resemblance to the puckery "red ink" we recall so well.

This puckery or astringent taste in Bordeaux Rouge betrays the presence of tannin, a product of the stones and stems of the grapes. In the better wines the stems are removed before pressing, but even in cheaper wines the tannin taste largely disappears with age. It is not apparent in good white wines, nor is it noticeable in good red wines from Burgundy or the Côtes du Rhône.

Vintage Years in Red Bordeaux

- Fine: 1848, 1858, 1864, 1865, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1874, 1875, 1877, 1878, 1887, 1899, 1900, 1904, 1906, 1920, 1924, 1926, and probably 1928;
Good: 1881, 1888, 1893, 1895, 1911, 1916, 1921 and 1923;
Fair: 1896, 1898, 1901, 1905, 1907, 1912, 1914, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1925 and 1927.

It is useless to go back of 1881 for any wines not worthy to be classed as "good," for none but great wines of a great year will keep more than thirty or forty years. There is no great year in red Bordeaux between 1906 and 1920. The year 1911 seemed great until 1920; since then it has begun to slip. 1912, 1914, 1917, and 1919 all promised well at first, but they are going off rapidly. 1916 is standing up well. Any of these five years are still good in the great clarets.

The year 1921 was bad in Châteaux Lafite and Gruaud Larose Faure, but excellent in Château Haut Brion and most others, depending upon when the grapes were harvested. It is too early to be certain of the promise given by 1928, but 1926 seems safe in all wines.

The year 1922 will long be prominent on cheap wine lists, but it is poor in quality though copious in amount. Occasionally a special wine will be very good in a year when most wines of its district are bad.

Prices

The average wine card will list at a few francs "Bordeaux," or "Bordeaux Vieux," which may come from any part of the region about Bordeaux; a modest Médoc, St. Julien, Pomerol, St. Emilion, or Margaux (special districts of the Bordeaux region) for about twice as much; a few of the cheaper château wines (Larose, Citran, Gazin), some of them perhaps of vintage years, for a few francs more; and some of the most famous château wines, such as Latour, Lafite, and Haut Brion

(but seldom good years), for double the price of the less famous.

The four great clarets are Châteaux Lafite, Latour, Margaux, and Haut Brion. A good wine dealer will charge for a bottle of one of these grands seigneurs of a good recent year ten times as much as the cheapest bottle on the ordinary wine list; but the average restaurant will double that price, and a first-class restaurant will triple it. This approximate scale of augmentation holds for all wines.

The best bargains in Bordeaux for the next few years, at restaurants, will be in 1912, 1914, 1917, and 1919, which most restaurants are closing out at low prices because they have laid in large stocks which will not keep.

Château Wines

Nearly all the hundreds of châteaux in the Bordeaux region bottle the best of their wine in most years. This château-bottled wine (*Mise du Château*, or simply "M. D. C.") bears the special label (*étiquette*) of the château, and the cork is stamped with the *cru* and the year of the wine, as "Château Margaux 1920." Wholesale wine dealers sometimes buy the cheaper château wine from the proprietor, or even the whole crop of a special year, and guarantee its authenticity by their own labels and stamps. Wine bottled at the château usually commands a price of two to four francs more than the same wine bottled by a dealer. The assurance of the proprietor that the wine is genuine is supposed to be worth such increase in price.

As a result of château bottling, Bordeaux wines are standard as wheat. The buyer is practically sure of what he is getting, and the price he is called on to pay is a very fair index of the quality. Château bottling has been adopted to a very limited extent in the wine districts of Burgundy, the Rhône, and the Loire, where the wine in most cases is good or bad, not by virtue of the name it bears, but in proportion to the integrity of the dealer.

In addition to the "Big Four" already mentioned (Châteaux Lafite, Latour, Margaux, and Haut Brion), favourite château wines in the Bordeaux district are:

MEDOC: Châteaux Léoville, Mouton Rothschild, Montrose, Palmer, Pontet Canet, Giscours, Beychevelle, Brane Cantenac, Batailley, Issan, Kirwan, and Cos d'Estournel;

GRAVES (red): Châteaux Mission Haut Brion, Haut Bailly, Bel Air, and Pape Clément;

ST. EMILION: Châteaux Ausone, Pavie, Cheval Blanc, and Clos Fourtet;

POMEROL: Châteaux Pétrus, La Conseillante, l'Evangile, and Gazin.

Médoc is the large region adjoining Bordeaux containing the most famous châteaux and including the districts of Pauillac, Margaux, Pessac, St. Julien, St. Estèphe, etc. The wines sold under the names of these various districts are often excellent, particularly St. Julien, St. Emilion, and St. Estèphe.

BORDEAUX BLANC

Most regions where grapes abound produce wines both red and white. In the valley of the Loire, in Champagne,

and in Alsace, white wines largely predominate. In Burgundy and the Côtes du Rhône, however, red wines largely overtop the white, and the same is true, though in less degree, in the Bordeaux district. Sauternes and Barsac are brilliant exceptions, and white Graves are sold in enormous quantities.

Vintage Years in White Bordeaux

Bordeaux is the only French district in which it is important to mention separately the vintage years for red and white wines. Even here the years which are great in one are likely to be great or at least good in the other.

The vintage years for white Bordeaux are as follows:

Fine: 1848, 1858, 1859, 1861, 1869, 1874, 1890, 1893, 1896, 1899, 1900, 1904, 1921, 1926, and probably 1928.

Good: 1901, 1906, 1908, 1911, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1924, and 1927.

Fair: 1907, 1914, 1920, 1922, and 1923.

The famous vintage of 1906 shows a tendency to "madériser." The year 1920 promised well, but has not made good. 1927 and 1928 also promise well, but they may also disappoint. 1923 is already going off.

Prices

It costs more to make white wine than red. More effort is made to select good grapes, the stems are more carefully removed and the wine must be more attentively strained so that particles may not appear in the clear liquid.

On the average wine list the prices for white wine run from one to five francs higher than for red wine of the same quality. There are, however, more great (and therefore more expensive) red wines in the highest Bordeaux category, although Château d'Yquem, sweetest and most fragrant of the Sauternes, is likely to be the highest in price of any wine on the list.

Kinds

None of the famous Médoc châteaux which bottle the finest claret sell white wine under their names. In fact, there are no important white wines produced in the Médoc region. In the Graves section, south of Médoc, where the white wines are famous, there are several red wines as good as the best, among them Château Haut Brion, one of the "Big Four." Château Carbonnieux, which bottles a well-known and delicious white Graves, also bottles an excellent red wine, to which it is not ashamed to affix its label. There are no other current "twin wines" of high rank in the Bordeaux region, although Châteaux Haut Gardère and Malartic Lagravière are worthy of note in this respect, and even Château Haut Brion sometimes sends out a "white hope" of fabled virtue. It is very seldom, however, that a Château Haut Brion Blanc, or even a Château Smith Haut Lafite Blanc, meets the eye on a Paris wine list.

The principal white wines of Bordeaux are grouped under Graves, Barsac, and Sauternes. As a general rule the Graves is dry, the Barsac intermediate, and the

Sauternes sweet. Indeed, many people have an idea that Graves means "severe" and therefore "sour," while the truth is that Graves means "gravel," indicating a gravelly soil, and fine Graves are frequently sweet and rich.

The principal white Bordeaux are these:

GRAVES: Châteaux Carbonnieux, Haut Gardère, De Bouscaut, La Louvière, and Olivier, and the wines grouped as Cérons, from the district of that name;

BARSAC: Châteaux Coutet, Climens, Myrat, Doisy, and Caillou;

SAUTERNES: Château d'Yquem, La Tour Blanche, Peyraguey, Suduiraut, Rieussec, d'Arche, and Filhot.

The great bulk of white Bordeaux is sold under the general names "Graves," "Barsac," and "Sauternes," with the frequent addition of the word "Supérieur" to indicate a better quality.

Graves Blanc

If you chance upon a Graves blanc of an old year, buy it regardless of price. If it is not a fraud, it will reveal itself as a delicious wine, mellow and rich, and it is a great rarity.

The ordinary Graves which is sold for a few francs is usually poor stuff with little flavour, but the Graves Supérieur is frequently a sound wine, and may contain a considerable degree of richness and flavour. All depends on the selection that has been made in a very wide field, and upon the profits to the handlers (*négociants*).

Certain well-advertised Graves are merely the selection of some enterprising wine house, the label of which indi-

cates a trade name and usually guarantees a good and fair standard commodity.

Barsac

Barsac has more flavour and distinction as a rule than Graves of a similar quality and commands about double the price. The ordinary Barsac and Barsac Supérieur are great favourites of the American or British tourist, a medium wine for a medium price, serving very well throughout an ordinary restaurant meal. Barsac has a distinctive "rusty" taste, which is not particularly agreeable to "amateurs."

The classed Barsacs, château bottled, as Châteaux Coutet, Climens, etc., are usually sold as Sauternes and command prices and yield satisfactions commensurate with the best Sauternes, excepting always Château d'Yquem. These high-grade Barsacs are made by the Sauternes method.

Sauternes

To a discriminating palate there seems little place for a Sauternes at a restaurant meal. It is too sweet and syrupy for an *apéritif* (appetizer) or for any course but the dessert. With ice cream, puddings, and pastry it is delicious, or with cakes and sweets at any time. But a true Sauternes does not go well with any food which would not be a fit accompaniment to a cup of thick hot chocolate.

There is a heavy demand for Sauternes since the Great War, and the prices are becoming fantastic. One wonders

who drinks it in such quantities—probably those who drink Bénédictine and Chartreuse, Port and Madeira, and perhaps the same who consume chocolates and bonbons. No one will, however, deny that a fine Sauternes of a vintage year is a veritable nectar, and few can resist a glass of that nectar if fish, flesh, and cheese are absent.

Sauternes is made from white grapes which are allowed to become overripe on the vine. Each grape as it reaches perfection is snipped from the bunch separately; every effort is made to retain the sweetness and flavour.

Château d'Yquem has a position among its fellows such as no other wine occupies, being placed in a "*Grand Premier Cru*" by itself. It is the acme of sweetness, richness, and flavour in wines—what the French call "*liqueureux*"—and its robe is pure, bright, and honey-coloured. The other crus mentioned above resemble Château d'Yquem in flavour, bouquet, and colour.

BURGUNDY

Burgundy is fuller, more robust, more fruity, and as a rule stronger in alcohol than Bordeaux. It is often said that Bordeaux is the queen, while Burgundy is the king, of wines. A Bordeaux taken after a Burgundy tastes insipid and flat. It seems to be overpowered by the more downright flavour and bouquet of the stronger wine.

The true Burgundy comes from the Côte d'Or (Slope of Gold) stretching some twenty-five miles south from Dijon to Beaune, somewhat east of the centre of France. Usually included in the Burgundy region are the district

of Lower Burgundy northwest of Dijon, and the districts of Chalon, Mâcon, and Beaujolais, to the south of Beaune.

But even the Côte d'Or produces wine that is no better than vin ordinaire, so we must be ever on our guard against impostors sold under the royal names of Chambertin, Romanée, Musigny, and their peers. Most reliable dealers protect their customers by placing on their labels the words "*Grand Vin*" to designate the finest crus. Beware the bottle of recent years which bears the name of a grand seigneur from Burgundy without adding the name of the firm which sent it forth. If you order a Chambertin, a Musigny, a Romanée, or a Corton, decline to accept a Gevrey-Chambertin, a Chambolle-Musigny, a Vosne-Romanée, or an Aloxe-Corton, which are likely to be inferior.

The true Chambertin, for example, comes from an ancient vineyard in the commune of Gevrey-Chambertin containing scarce thirty-two acres. Any wine coming from any vineyard in the commune is entitled to be marked "Gevrey-Chambertin," and some of these are very good; but only those produced upon the precious thirty-two original acres are allowed to bear the proud name of "Grand Vin Chambertin," or "Chambertin—Grand Vin."

Vintage Years in Burgundy

Fine: 1840, 1848, 1858, 1865, 1869, 1870, 1874, 1878, 1886, 1887, 1889, 1895, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1904, 1906, 1911, 1915, 1919, 1923, 1926, and probably 1928;

Good: 1892, 1893, 1894, 1896, 1907, and 1921;

Fair: 1901, 1908, 1914, 1916, 1920, and 1924.

There are many Burgundies of 1865, 1869, and 1870 which are preserved in all their glory, losing perhaps in body what they have gained in perfume. Some great Burgundies of 1895, 1898, and 1899 are palpably enfeebled. Many bottles of the great years 1904 and 1906 are found in the best restaurants (at a high price), and they reveal a richness of taste, a mellowness of flavour, and a velvety quality that no wines of a later vintage have yet attained.

Burgundies of 1911 and 1915 are rich and vigorous but sometimes harsh. Those of 1919, 1921, and 1923 are frequently more delicate and agreeable. The year 1923 has matured early and is ready to drink. 1926 and 1928 are at present hailed as worthy successors to 1904 and 1906. Probably the best buys are 1919 in red and 1921 in white.

Some experts declare that a vintage Burgundy will fully mature in eight or ten years and will grow no better in later years. We recommend anyone inclined to believe this heresy to compare a Burgundy of 1904 or 1906, even a Corton, Nuits St. Georges, or Volnay, with the richest and fruitiest Chambertin or Richebourg of a later year, and draw his own conclusions. If the Burgundies of 1911, 1915, and 1919 are not to improve henceforth in colour, bouquet, and subtlety of flavour, then we have indeed fallen upon unhappy days.

Prices

Burgundy has not been officially classified or standardized like Bordeaux. There is no château bottling of importance. Adulteration is rampant. The Burgundies of some large dealers have the same peculiar flavour, no matter what name or year appears on the label. It is seldom advisable to buy Burgundy at all except in the better class of restaurants, for poor Burgundy has little to recommend it.

Unless you are ready to spend a generous sum for a fine bottle, better order a château-bottled claret of a good year and let the Burgundies alone. There is practically no first-class Burgundy older than 1915 in the hands of wholesale dealers in the Côte d'Or itself, and what little authentic old Burgundy is available in Paris commands a very high price. Possibly this explains the statement that ten-year-old Burgundy is as good as 1904 or 1906.

Only high-class restaurants are capable of serving a meal which is fit to accompany a fine vintage Burgundy. The proprietors of such restaurants sometimes have a limited supply of fine wines which are not forthcoming to the average guest. It is a good plan to inquire of the wine waiter what house furnished a particular bottle and, whatever the answer, ask to see the proprietor. Inquire whether he does not go to the Côte d'Or and buy casks of Burgundy which he bottles himself. Whether he does or not, he will probably say yes. Then ask, as a special

favour, for one of those bottles, and you will seldom be disappointed.

An ordinary Burgundy will be sold at about the price of an ordinary Bordeaux. As the quality mounts, the Burgundy prices will increase faster than the prices for Bordeaux, but at the very top the great Bordeaux will cost considerably more than the great Burgundies in the best vintage years.

BOURGOGNE ROUGE

Aside from Chablis, which is a dry white wine, the best known Burgundies are red, the most familiar being Chambertin, Corton, Pommard, and Volnay—names easy to pronounce and easy to remember. The wine which is placed by common consent at the head of all Burgundies is Romanée Conti. It is seldom seen on Paris wine lists, and it seldom comes to the ear (or mouth) of the average wine drinker.

Set down on the back of the menu at any restaurant the nineteen great Burgundies listed below and ask the wine waiter to place figures indicating their relative rank. No two will agree, though the chances are that they will all place Chambertin third. Ahead of Chambertin will come Romanée Conti probably, and perhaps Clos de Vougeot, Musigny, Richebourg, Clos de Bèze, or even Corton. To tell the truth, there is little difference in a good year in the quality or the flavour of the great Burgundies. The older they get, the harder they are to identify, and the nearer the second-raters come to the

truly great—provided they keep. All high-class Burgundies come from substantially the same grapes, grown in the same climate on practically the same soil, and made in the same way.

The great red Burgundies, not necessarily in the order of their excellence, are these: Romanée Conti, Clos de Bèze, Chambertin, Richebourg, La Tâche, Romanée, Romanée St. Vivant, Clos de Vougeot, Musigny, Bonnes Mares, Clos de Tart, Nuits St. Georges, Grands Echézeaux, Corton, Pommard Rugiens, Volnay Caillerets, Volnay Santenot, Beaune Grèves, and Vergelesses.

The first thirteen belong to the Côte de Nuits (although Clos de Bèze and Chambertin are sometimes placed in the Côte de Dijon). They are considered stronger in alcohol and richer in flavour than the last six, which belong to the Côte de Beaune. As the French say, they have "*plus de race*."

There are, of course, dozens of other excellent red wines grown and marketed in the Burgundy region, but the foregoing list covers those ordinarily found in Paris restaurants. Wines sold under the head of "Bourgogne Rouge" as "Bourgogne," "Bourgogne Vieux," "Beaune," "Beaune Première," "Pommard," "Volnay," etc., are frequently good and in a vintage year may be excellent. We repeat our warning about Gevrey-Chambertin, Chambolle-Musigny, Vosne-Romanée, and Aloxe-Corton, which may mean any wine, however humble, produced within the communes designated. And even the comforting words "*Grand Vin*" may conceal a blatant fraud.

Among famous Burgundies the Hospices de Beaune takes high rank and commands a price somewhat out of proportion to its merits. The Hospices de Beaune is a charitable society owning twenty-five or thirty vineyards, principally in the Beaune, Savigny, Meursault, Pommard, and Corton communes. Its sound, authentic wines should not be confused with bottles marked "Beaune des Hospices," "Beaune Hospices," etc.—evidently imitations.

Romanée Conti has a very fine texture and a rich distinctive flavour. Chambertin, Clos de Bèze, and Grands Échézeaux are heavy and "druggy" in a great year, and sometimes more palatable in a good year. Richebourg and other Vosne wines are fruity and rich. The wines from the Côte de Beaune are lighter and do not keep so well. But, as has been said above, it is difficult to tell one authentic Burgundy from another in a great year.

Well-known red wines from the region south of Beaune, usually classed with Burgundy, are these: Mercurey, Maranges, Rully, Moulin à Vent, Thorins, Morgon, Juliéna, and Fleurie.

BOURGOGNE BLANC

The best known white Burgundy is Chablis; but incomparably the finest is Montrachet. In the opinion of many experts it stands at the head of all white wines. In a great year Montrachet has a magnificent amber "robe," a marvellous fragrance, a depth of taste, and a strength of body found in none but the greatest wines. An easy second is Meursault, which is hard to distinguish from

Montrachet after it has proved its worth by retaining its strength and flavour for twenty or thirty years.

Among the true white Burgundies the following are best: Montrachet, Chevalier Montrachet, Bâtard Montrachet, Meursault Perrières, Meursault Charmes, Meursault Goutte d'Or, Meursault Genevrières, Clos Vougeot Blanc, Corton Blanc, and Savigny Blanc.

Authentic Montrachet (*Grand Vin*) is expensive and hard to find. Meursault is cheaper in price and is found on every wine card. Meursault Perrières is the best, while Goutte d'Or is the heaviest.

Clos Vougeot Blanc is a delicious wine, rich and distinctive, but very rare. Corton Blanc is more plentiful, and is usually sold as Corton Blanc Charlemagne. Savigny Blanc, less pretentious, is a sound, clean wine at a modest price.

The only white wine of note from the Mâcon district is Pouilly Fuissé, not to be confused with Pouilly Fumé from the Valley of the Loire. Pouilly Fuissé is a very fine wine indeed, but considerably cheaper than true white Burgundies of the same qualities. It is usually the best white wine to order at cheap restaurants. The years 1919 and 1921 are excellent in Pouilly Fuissé.

Chablis

Chablis deserves a section by itself, as well for its special qualities as for its situation apart, some eighty miles toward Paris from the Côte d'Or. Its familiar label probably conceals more frauds than any other label on bottles.

The true Chablis of a vintage year is a dry white wine of infinite charm and distinction, elegant and suave, fragrant and of an exceptional limpidity, of a delicate straw colour, partaking of the characteristics of the best Burgundies, though lighter in body and less rich. In poor years it is sharp to the taste and has little merit.

The Chablis commonly found on a Paris wine list rank as follows: La Moutonne, Clos, Valmur, Vaudésir, Grenouilles, Mont de Milieu, and Fourchaumes.

The recent years of Mont de Milieu are cheap and good. Chablis Village is the name given to wine of the Chablis district which comes from vineyards of no special repute.

If you do not find on the list a Chablis of a great vintage year (1911, 1915, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1926, or 1928), better save your money and order an Alsace, a Vouvray, or a Pouilly Fumé. This advice holds for all white Burgundies.

CÔTES DU RHÔNE

The vineyards of the Côtes du Rhône begin near Lyons and extend south nearly to Avignon. In general characteristics the Rhône wines resemble Burgundies, but they are not so fine, and they seldom keep as well. The red wines are the more famous, but there are white Rhône wines of excellent quality which are sold in large amounts.

On account of the hot, sunny weather in this region, there is seldom a poor year or a crop failure. Moreover, the Rhône wines are not so renowned as the Bordeaux and Burgundies, so they command a much lower price. A good Rhône wine of a vintage year will sell for a half

or two thirds the price of a good Burgundy of the same year.

Vintage Years in Rhône Wines

The following are the vintage years in Rhône wines, red and white:

Fine: 1834, 1842, 1847, 1854, 1865, 1870, 1874, 1878, 1887, 1893, 1895, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1904, 1906, 1911, 1915, 1919, 1920, 1923, 1926, and probably 1928;

Good: 1908, 1914, 1918, 1921, 1922, and 1924;

Fair: 1905, 1912, 1916, and 1925.

It is not common to find an old Côtes du Rhône, either red or white, on a Paris wine list. An Hermitage Rochefine, 1915, is about the limit, but Hermitage will live to a ripe old age. The years 1915 and 1920 are the best of the century. One Paris restaurant lists a St. Péray, 1898. Hunt for it.

Kinds

The best red wines of Côtes du Rhône are Hermitage, Châteauneuf du Pape, Côte Rôtie, Cornas, Crozes, St. Joseph, and Tavel Rosé.

The best Rhône Blancs are Hermitage Blanc, Château Grillet, Crozes Blanc, Châteauneuf du Pape Blanc, St. Péray, and Tavel Blanc.

THE LOIRE

The abundant and inexpensive wines of the Loire Valley are generally lighter and less distinguished than

the more famous wines of the Bordeaux and Burgundy districts. In other words, they are not so "great." In a good year, however, they are rich, sweet, and distinguished. They are produced in enormous quantities over a vast extent of territory, and they are nearly always white.

Vintage Years in Loire Wines

The vintage years in wines from the Valley of the Loire are these:

- Fine: 1848, 1858, 1864, 1869, 1870, 1874, 1875, 1881, 1884, 1887, 1893, 1900, 1901, 1904, 1906, 1911, 1914, 1919, 1921, 1922, and probably 1928;
Good: 1909, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1920, 1923, 1924, 1925, and 1926;
Fair: 1902, 1903, 1905, 1907, 1908, 1910, 1912, 1913, and 1927.

Prices

The usual wines of the Loire—Vouvray, Anjou, Pouilly Fumé, and Saumur—are sold at about the price of the St. Emilion or Mâcon Vieux. The best wines, such as the Côteaux du Layon of a vintage year, sell for the price of a fine Burgundy ten years old. Some of the special *crus* of great recent years fetch a higher price than any red wine of tender years—but these are rare.

Kinds

The best-known wines of the Loire are Vouvray (Touraine), Anjou, Pouilly Fumé (Nièvre), Muscadet (Nantais), and Saumur.

Vouvray presents great diversification: it may be sweet or dry, still or sparkling, strong or insipid. At its best it is a rich, vigorous, and palatable wine, inclined to sparkle, or at least *pétillant*. Sparkling Vouvray (*Vouvray Mousseux*) is sold in large quantities as a substitute for Champagne, as are also Saumur and other Loire wines. Moncontour and Rochecorbon are the names of special wines from the Vouvray region which are best known.

Anjou is commonly lighter than Vouvray and more on the sweet side, considerably less distinguished as a rule, and less inclined to sparkle. The best known Anjou wines are Côteaux du Layon (very fine in a great year), including Bonnezeaux, Faye, Beaulieu, Quarts de Chaumes, and Rablay; Côteaux de la Loire, including La Coulée de Serrant and La Roche aux Moines; and Côteaux de Saumur, including Montsoreau and Parnay.

Let those who think Anjou wines insipid try a bottle of Côteaux du Layon of 1921 or 1922 (Le Miroir, Les Jouettes, or Lapierre Gandry) and think again.

Pouilly-sur-Loire, or Pouilly Fumé, is a pale white wine, frequently confused with Pouilly Fuissé and incorrectly listed under Bourgognes Blancs. It is cheap and frequently very good—far better than many wines of greater price and renown.

Muscadet and Saumur are pleasing white wines from the lower end of the Loire Valley, of no special distinction except in great years. They make excellent luncheon wines.

The only red wines of note in the Loire Valley are Chinon, St. Nicholas, and Bourgueil in Anjou, resembling

Bordeaux; and Champigny in Saumur, inclining towards the Burgundy side.

CHAMPAGNE

The Champagne district is renowned chiefly for the effervescing white wine which used to be drunk from glasses with hollow stems. But it also produces still light wines, both red and white, which are excellent in their localities but do not travel well. As everyone knows, the Champagne district lies around Rheims and Epernay, northeast of Paris.

The Champagne which spells flushed cheeks and gaiety unconfined is a careful and expensive blend of grapejuice of different years and from different vineyards, fortified with brandy, flavoured to suit the taste of its special patrons, and made to "fizz" (*gazifié*) by methods which are more or less artificial. Wine in other parts of France is now made to sparkle and fizz by the same method.

Vintage Years in Champagne

Fine: 1870, 1874, 1878, 1880, 1884, 1889, 1892, 1893, 1898, 1900, 1904, 1906, 1911, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1926, and probably 1928;

Good: 1895, 1899, 1914, 1915, 1920, and 1924.

Price

So much labour and handling go into the making of Champagne that it is never cheap. The poorest authentic "*Goût Américain*" of no vintage year (*sans année*) will appear on the list at the price of an excellent château-

bottled Bordeaux, or a great Burgundy, of a vintage year, more than ten years old. A vintage Champagne of a well-known brand (Veuve Cliquot, Piper Heidsieck, Lanson, Moët & Chandon), ten years old, will sell for two or three times as much as a vintage Bordeaux or Burgundy of equal age. Authentic Champagnes more than ten years old are very expensive and hard to find. They have a way of going "flat" without warning.

Kinds

In addition to the brands mentioned in the previous paragraph we may note: Ayala, Heidsieck, Delbeck, Perrier-Jouet, Pol Roger, St. Marceaux, Duminy, Louis Roederer, Mumm, and Pommery—all names of famous Champagne houses.

Champagne "extra dry" is favoured by experts because the greater amount of sugar in a sweeter wine is likely to hide defects. "*Sec*" meant originally the same as "neat." A man who took his brandy "*sec*" took it "neat," without adding water, or diluting. The next meaning was "dry," applied to a preponderance of alcohol and acids as opposed to an excess of sweetness. The exact antithesis to "*sec*" as applied to Champagne seems not to exist. "*Doux*" and "*sucré*" are frequently misunderstood. The nearest equivalent is "*demi-sec*" or even "*pas sec*."

"*Brut*" as applied to Champagne means "natural" and indicates that the wine approximates the natural juice of the grape; that is, it is as little artificial as may well be.

An amusing sight is to see late diners rotating a wooden paddle in a glass of Champagne to remove the bubbles which have been created at much expense. It is similar to the English practice of keeping Port twenty or thirty years to triumph over the alcohol which has been added in Portugal to make the wine strong enough to stand the voyage to England.

Restaurants at Rheims, and particularly the principal hotel at Châlons-sur-Marne—the one with the religious name—furnish excellent wines, red and white, which do not bubble, though they are made in the Champagne district. Among the still white wines are Champagne Nature, Sillery, and Verzenay; among the red are Ay, Bouzy, and Château Montflaubert. They are seldom seen in Paris.

ALSACE

The wines from Alsace and Lorraine are produced in large amounts and are commonly grouped under the generic head of "Alsace." Nearly all of them are white. They are excellent for lunch, and are of a pleasant and sprightly character, an agreeable change from white wine of less zest.

Alsatian wines have the clean flinty taste of their Rhine cousins, but they can hardly be compared with them for bouquet, body, or *race*. They are not strong enough in alcohol to keep well as a rule, but there are doubtless bottles stored in the ancient caves of Strasbourg which are at their prime after twenty or thirty years. They are seldom found in Paris older than four or five

years; indeed, the vintage date is not often stated on Paris lists.

Vintage Years in Alsace Wines

The vintage years of Alsace wines are these:

Fine: 1900, 1904, 1906, 1911, 1921, 1924, and 1928;

Good: 1914, 1915, 1919, 1920, 1923, and 1926;

Fair: 1916 and 1917.

It will be observed that there is a striking similarity between the vintage years of Alsace and Champagne, as might be expected from their location. The wines of Alsace seldom taste "green" or rough, so that recent years, as in the Valley of the Loire, are entirely agreeable. From 1919 to 1928 all the years but three have been "fine" or "good."

Price

Alsatian wines are likely to sell cheaper than average bottles from Bordeaux or Burgundy, since they seldom disclose the year of their vintage and are usually from a recent crop. But some restaurants in Paris make it a point to supply a fine Alsace of a great year, and in such cases the price runs as high as for a vintage Chablis or Meursault. These bottles are worth looking for and investigating.

Kinds

The usual wines from Alsace are: Riesling, Riquewihr, Knipperlé, Gentil, and Traminer. Special vineyards of note are: Clos Ste. Odile and Clos du Moulin.

OTHER FRENCH WINES

Various districts in France produce wines which would take high rank were it not for the great reputation of those already described. It is an interesting quest to search for these "little wines," some of them entitled to bourgeois rank at least. The best known are these:

SEYSEL—A very dry, flinty wine, sometimes *mousseux*, from Savoy.

CHÂTEAU CHALON—A dry perfumed wine with a Madeira flavour, very rare, from the Jura Mountains.

ARBOIS—A fine red wine from the Jura Mountains.

GAILLAC—A dry, white wine from north of Toulouse.

JURANCON—A delicious white wine of true distinction from the western Pyrenees.

BLANQUETTE DE LIMOUX—A sweet, well-flavoured sparkling wine from south of Carcassonne.

MUSCATELLE—A sweet white wine from Rivesaltes.

BANYULS and FRONTIGNAN—Heavy, syrupy wines, fortified with alcohol like Port, from the Mediterranean district south of Montpellier.

FRENCH BRANDY

The French equivalent for brandy is "*eau de vie*," a name seldom found on a French wine list. Under the head of "*Liqueurs*" will be found several kinds of brandy: Cognac, Armagnac, Marc, Calvados, etc., together with cordials such as Bénédictine, Chartreuse, and Cointreau.

A fragrant mellow brandy of an ancient year, taken in alternate sips with after-dinner coffee, is a gift direct

from those who quaff their nectar straight. Restaurant keepers know well that to an epicure this combination is irresistible after a fine meal with fine wine. In this way alone can one account for the outrageous prices charged by most restaurants for anything that may be dignified by the name of brandy.

Brandy should be served in a very large glass, narrowing toward the top in order to imprison the fragrant fumes which begin to rise as the glass is warmed by the hands. It should be taken very slowly in delicate sips and allowed to come into contact with every part of the mouth before sliding toward the lower regions. And then the delicious after-taste should be carefully noted, as it rises to the palate and into the nose.

Fine brandy is not harmful, any more than fine wine, when taken in moderate amounts. On the contrary it is an aid to digestion, exactly suited to top off a well-planned, well-cooked, and well-served meal. Crude brandy, impure brandy, cheap brandy, the usual three star brandy, should be rigorously avoided. It is very unusual to find even a passable distilled spirit in a café, on a terrace, or in a cabaret.

Vintage Years in Brandy

The vintage years of brandy (with special application to Cognac) are these:

Fine: 1810, 1818, 1820, 1848, 1851, 1858, 1865,
1875, 1878, 1893, 1899, 1900, 1904, 1906, 1914,
1920, 1922, 1924, 1926, and 1928;

Good: 1887, 1908, 1911, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1919, 1921, and 1923.

Prices

The best brandy has been kept in a cask thirty years or more, constantly losing water and impurities and gaining in quality and flavour. It is drawn from the cask and bottled as needed. It is common practice to fill up the cask now and then with the next best that is available. In this way some of the original vintage is always present in every bottle drawn from the cask.

In 1929 a third-class restaurant in Paris was selling a sound *Fine Maison* (*sans année*) for Frs. 3.50 a glass—about fourteen cents. This was a better brandy than certain restaurants of higher class were selling for Frs. 15. The same restaurant was selling an Armagnac, 1889, for Frs. 3.50 a glass; a *Grande Fine*, 1875, for Frs. 5; a *Grande Fine*, 1872, for Frs. 8; a *Grande Champagne*, 1863, for Frs. 10; and a *Grand Champagne Réserve* for Frs. 15. For these various grades first-class restaurants were charging three times as much.

At the same time (1929) a restaurant of a little lower grade in the same vicinity was selling a *Fine Champagne* (*sans année*) for Frs. 3.50 a glass; a *Vieux Marc*, 1916, for Frs. 4; a Calvados, 1893, for Frs. 6; an Armagnac, 1888, for Frs. 6; and a *Fine Champagne*, 1865, for Frs. 8. But these brandies were completely outclassed by those of the first-mentioned restaurant. The reason was that the former was drawing its brandy from its own casks in the

cellar, while the latter was buying in the bottle from dealers.

Brandy was freely requisitioned during the Great War for hospital use, and the big brandy firms cannot possibly replace their depleted stock with old brandy.

The moral is that for many years to come those who desire good brandy must look for it in the older restaurants, although now and then a new restaurant is enterprising enough to pick up a few gallons of the real thing. The price charged for a modest glass of the best will be about the same as for an entire bottle of Barsac or Meursault, year not given. We are not speaking of course of a genuine *Fine Napoléon*, 1818 (if such a thing exists), but of an authentic brandy of 1848, 1858, or 1865.

Kinds

The short and sporting word "*Fine*" is now applied almost indiscriminately to all brandy distilled from the grape, except Armagnac and Marc, no matter in what part of France it is produced.

"*Fine Champagne*" was the name originally applied to high-grade brandy distilled in Charente and Charente-Inférieure, the Cognac district north of Bordeaux, where the grapes are of a quality unfit to make good wine. No brandy has a right to bear the name of "Cognac" unless it comes from this region, which was in former times called "*La Champagne*." Philologists will observe that the word "Champagne," denoting wine, is masculine, while

"*Fine Champagne*" or "*Grande Champagne*," denoting brandy, is feminine, referring to the region.

The term "*Grande Champagne*" is properly applied to none but the Cognac produced in the best Charente district. "*Fine Champagne*" may mean any Cognac from Charente or Charente-Inférieure. "*Fine Maison*" and "*Fine Champagne Maison*" indicate that there is a cask of brandy in the cellar from which the brandy is drawn.

Armagnac ranks next to Cognac among brandies. Many "amateurs" prefer the "apricot" or "quince" flavour of an Armagnac to the paler flavour of a Cognac. Armagnac comes from a district southeast of Bordeaux and west of Toulouse, well down toward the Pyrenees. It matures more quickly than a Cognac. Thus a 1910 Armagnac is now ready to drink.

Marc is a special kind of brandy distilled from the residue (skins, pips, and stems) after the wine is pressed. It is commonly made in Burgundy (the most renowned comes from Meursault), but it is found also in the Rhône Valley, notably at Châteauneuf du Pape. *Marc* is highly prized in these regions as a stimulant for the sick, and indeed it has a medicinal flavour, due probably to tannin from the pips and stems. An 1858 *Marc* has a marvellous aroma and an after-taste as volatile as ether.

Calvados is distilled from cider, and is almost distinctively a product of Normandy. It is very strong in alcohol, but when properly aged it is a delicious apple brandy. The best Calvados comes from the Vallée d'Auge. A favourite year is 1893. The rare old article is usually called "*Vieux Vieux*," and it costs a pretty penny. Be-

ware the jug that bears upon its side a sculptured apple hanging from a leafy bough.

Jamaica and Martinique rum of a quality and age to merit serious consideration are sometimes found on a Paris list. Rum of 1856 is still available, and there exist in Paris several bottles of authentic Jamaica rum of the fabled year 1818, purchased in Jamaica and brought to France by an *émigré* from the Revolution. It has neither the colour, perfume, nor flavour of ordinary rum. There is no trace of red in its amber shade, no remnant of rummy smell in its exquisite bouquet, while its soft, mellow richness vies with the perfection of the ripest old Cognac.

LIQUEURS

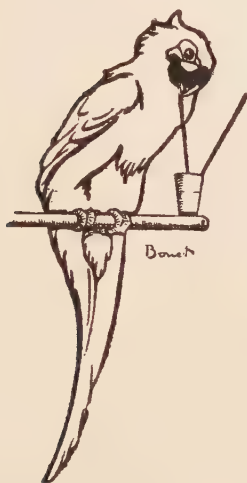
In addition to brandies, we shall find under the head of "*Liqueurs*" various spirits distilled from fruit or berries, such as Kirsch (from cherries), Quetsch (from prune plums), Fine Abricot (apricot), and Framboise (raspberry). In the rare cases when these spirits have been properly aged they have the excellent qualities of other old brandies. Some restaurants make a specialty of such spirits and charge a price in proportion to their scarcity.

The same is true of the sweet *liqueurs* which are based on alcohol and flavoured with various ingredients according to fixed formulas. If such liqueurs have been made a long time, or if they have been made of good, thoroughly matured alcohol, they will possess qualities comparable to any other mature spirits. But if they are freshly made from alcohol that is not thoroughly matured, the product

will itself be crude. A bottle of first-class liqueur, fairly entitled to be called "pre-war," will sell for several hundred francs. Most "amateurs" will prefer a moderate-priced Cognac.

Bénédictine, formerly made by the monks of that order, is now an ordinary article of commerce. Chartreuse, in two flavours and two colours, green and yellow, was formerly made by Carthusian monks in France, and a bottle of the genuine old stuff may occasionally be found. Of current Chartreuse there are two varieties: one manufactured in France, the other made by the monks in Tarragona, Spain. The latter is extremely good and is distinguished by the word "Tarragone" on the label of the bottle. It may be called for as "Chartreuse Tarragone."

VOCABULARY





VOCABULARY

MISCELLANEOUS

Bill— <i>l'addition</i> .	Menu— <i>carte</i> .
Bill of fare— <i>carte</i> .	Proprietor— <i>patron</i> .
Bench—(upholstered seat against wall) — <i>ban- quette</i> .	Toilet— <i>cabinet de toilette</i> .
Coat room— <i>vestiaire</i> .	Waiter— <i>garçon</i> .
Doorman— <i>chasseur</i> .	Wedge (under table leg) — <i>caler la table</i> .
Draft— <i>courant d'air</i> .	Wine list— <i>carte des vins</i> .
Head waiter— <i>maître d'hôtel</i> .	Wine waiter— <i>sommelier</i> .

AT THE TABLE

Ashtray— <i>cendrier</i> .	Jam— <i>confiture</i> (see Fruits).
Bread— <i>pain</i> (<i>frais</i> —fresh; <i>rassis</i> — stale; <i>grillé</i> — toast).	Knife— <i>couteau</i> .
Butter— <i>beurre</i> .	Matches— <i>allumettes</i> .
Fork— <i>fourchette</i> .	Mustard— <i>moutarde</i> (<i>An- glais</i> —strong; <i>Français</i> —mild).
Glass— <i>verre</i> .	Napkin— <i>serviette</i> .
Honey— <i>miel</i> .	

Nutcracker— <i>casse-</i>	Salt— <i>sel</i> .
<i>noisette</i> .	Sugar— <i>sucré</i> .
Pepper— <i>poivre</i> .	Toast— <i>pain grillé</i> .

HORS D'ŒUVRES

Hors d'œuvres are regarded by the French as a luncheon dish. It is generally wiser to order *hors d'œuvres variés* and taste a little of each, than to try to choose separate items from among the numerous *hors d'œuvres* listed on the menu.

<i>Ail</i> —garlic.	<i>Flageolet</i> —small bean.
<i>Anchois</i> —anchovy.	<i>Foie-gras</i> —goose liver.
<i>Câpre</i> —caper.	<i>Hareng</i> —herring.
<i>Caviar</i> —caviar.	<i>Jambon</i> —ham (<i>Jambon</i>
(<i>Blinis</i> , pancakes with caviar and thick cream, may be ordered at restau- rants serving Russian food.)	<i>d'York</i> —York ham; <i>de</i>
<i>Ceppes</i> —large mushrooms.	<i>Parme</i> —Parma ham).
<i>Chicorée</i> —chicory.	<i>Langue</i> —tongue.
<i>Concombre</i> —cucumber.	<i>Merlan</i> —whiting.
<i>Cresson</i> —watercress.	<i>Moule</i> —mussel.
<i>Crevette</i> —shrimp.	<i>Œuf dur</i> —hard-boiled egg.
<i>Echalote</i> —shallot.	<i>Olive</i> —olive.
<i>Ecrevisse</i> —crawfish.	<i>Oseille</i> —sorrel.
<i>Estragon</i> —tarragon.	<i>Radis</i> —radish.
<i>Fenouil</i> —fennel.	<i>Salsifis</i> —salsify.
<i>Fond d'artichaut</i> —base of artichoke.	<i>Sardine</i> —sardine.
	<i>Saucisse</i> —a small pork sausage.
	<i>Saucisson</i> —sausage (<i>Franc</i> <i>fort</i> , <i>Vienne</i> , <i>Salam i</i> , <i>Lyon</i> , <i>Bologne</i> , <i>d'Arles</i>).

Saumon fumé—s m o k e d
salmon.

Thon—tunny fish.

Topinambour — Jerusalem
artichoke.

Truffe—truffle.

Salade—salad (Mixed vege-
table salads are much
used as *bors d'œuvres*.
See Vegetables.)

S O U P S — P O T A G E S

Bisque — c r e a m s o u p
(*d'écrevisse* — crawfish;
d'homard—lobster).

Bortsch—a Russian r e d
cabbage or beet soup
with sour cream.

Colbert—consommé with
poached egg.

Crécy—thick soup of po-
tatoes, celery, turnips,
carrots, and onions.

Crôte au Pot—(see *Pot au
Feu*).

Julienne—consommé with
vegetables.

Madrilène—essence of to-
mato (*en gelée*—cold).

À l'oignon—o n i o n s in
broth with grated cheese.

Parmentier—potato soup.

Paysanne—vegetable soup.

Petite marmite—beef and
chicken broth served
with stale bread and
marrow bones.

Poireau Pomme de Terre
—leek and potato.

Pot au feu—beef broth
with vegetables.

Printanier—f r e s h vege-
tables.

St. Germain—thick pea
soup.

Santé—cream of potato
soup flavoured with sor-
rel.

Tortue verte—greenturtle.

EGGS—ŒUFS

- À la coque*—soft boiled.
Brouillés—s c r a m b l e d
 (nature — plain; *aux points d'asperges*—with asparagus tips; *aux croûtes*—with fried crumbs; *aux champignons* — with mushrooms; *aux tomates*—with tomatoes).
Durs—hard boiled (*à la Béchamel*—in cream sauce; *Bercy*—in wine and mushroom sauce).
Cocotte—shirred with butter.
À la crème—shirred with cream.
Omelette — omelet (*aux champignons* — w i t h mushrooms; *aux fines herbes*—with herbs; *au fromage*—with cheese; *au jambon*—with ham; *au lard*—with bacon).
Pochés — poached (*Florentine*—on spinach with cheese and white wine sauce; *Parmentier* — in baked potato).
Sur le plat—fried (*au beurre noir*—in browned butter).

FISH—POISSON: (See pages 191-2)

MEATS—ENTRÉES, RÔTIS,
VOLAILLE, ETC.

- BŒUF*—BEEF.
À la mode—with onions, carrots, etc.
Aloyau—sirloin.
Bifteck—beefsteak.
Châteaubriand—r o u n d thick rump-steak often served with Béarnaise sauce or mushrooms.
Entrecôte—rib.
Filet—fillet (*m i g n o n*—tenderloin).
Grillade—broiled meat.
Langue—tongue.

Tournedos—heart of tenderloin, usually with mushroom sauce. Served on toast or fried bread.

MOUTON—MUTTON.

Agneau—lamb.

Cassoulet—stew (with tomatoes, sausage, beans, and bacon).

Côtelette—chop (*à la Soubise* — with vegetable sauce).

Epaule—shoulder.

Gigot rôti—roast leg of mutton.

Selle—saddle.

Navarin de mouton—stew with turnips and potatoes.

Noisette d'agneau—rack of lamb.

Pieds de mouton à la Poulette—sheep's trotters with cream sauce.

Pré salé—mutton raised on salt marshes.

PORC—PORK.

Boudin—blood pudding.

Côtelette—chop.

Jambon—ham (*d'York; de Parme*).

Lard—bacon.

Pieds de porc—pig's feet (*choucroute* — sauerkraut).

VOLAILLE—FOWL.

Aile—wing.

Blanc de—white meat.

Chaudfroid de—cold in aspic with truffles.

Cuisse—second joint.

Canard—duck (*Rouennais* or *à la presse*—carcass pressed, juices made into a rich sauce with wine; *au navet*—with turnips).

Caneton—duckling (*bigarrade* or *à l'orange*—with oranges).

Foie de volaille en brochette—chicken livers on a spit with bacon and mushrooms between each.

Oie—goose.

Pigeon—pigeon.

Pintade—guinea hen.

Poulet—chicken (*cocotte*—stewed with tomatoes,

etc; *en casserole*—stewed with mushrooms, carrots, onions, etc; *fricassé*—fricasseed with mushrooms and onions; *Marengo*—with truffles, fried eggs, and toast; *rôti*—roast; *sauté*—with white wine and mushroom sauce).

VEAU—VEAL.

Blanquette de—with mushrooms and cream sauce.

Côtelette de—cutlet.

Escaloppe de—scalloped.

Foie de—liver.

Fricandeau—larded.

Ris de—sweetbreads.

Rognon—kidney (*en brochette*—cooked on a spit).

Tête de—calves' brains.

Tripe—tripe.

GIBIER—GAME.

Alouette—lark.

Bécasse—woodcock (*sal-mis de*—on toast, with white wine sauce, liver, truffles, and bacon; *flambée*—sing ed in burning brandy).

Caille—quail.

Canard sauvage—wild duck.

Chevreuil—roe buck.

Faisan—pheasant (*Normand*—with apples; *truffe*—stuffed with truffles).

Grive—thrush.

Lapin—rabbit.

Lièvre—hare (*civet de*—jugg ed; *râble de*—back; *terrinerie de*—stew with pork and liver).

Pâté de Périgord—partridge pie with pork and truffles.

Perdreau—young partridge.

Perdrix—partridge.

Sanglier—wild boar.

Venaison—venison.

VEGETABLES—LEGUMES

<i>Ail</i> —garlic.	<i>Haricot-vert</i> — s t r i n g bean.
<i>Asperges</i> —asparagus.	<i>Laitue</i> —lettuce.
<i>Aubergine</i> —eggplant.	<i>Macaroni</i> —macaroni.
<i>Betterave</i> —beet.	<i>Maïs</i> —corn.
<i>Carottes</i> —carrot.	<i>Marron</i> —chestnut.
<i>Céleri</i> —celergy.	<i>Navet</i> —turnip.
<i>Ceppes</i> —large mushrooms.	<i>Oignon</i> —onion.
<i>Champignon</i> —mushroom.	<i>Petits-pois</i> —green peas.
<i>Chou</i> —cabbage.	<i>Poireau</i> —leek.
<i>Choucroute</i> —sauerkraut.	<i>Pomme de terre</i> —potato.
<i>Chou-fleur</i> —cauliflower.	<i>Riz</i> —rice.
<i>Chou de Bruxelles</i> —Brus- sels sprouts.	<i>Salade de saison</i> —f r e s h vegetable salad.
<i>Concombre</i> —cucumber.	<i>Tomate</i> —tomato.
<i>Courgette</i> —Italian squash.	Note: <i>à la crème</i> — creamed; <i>au buerre</i> —but- tered; <i>purée</i> —sieved; <i>au</i> <i>gratin</i> —with crumbs.
<i>Endive</i> —endive.	
<i>Epinards</i> —spinach.	
<i>Fève</i> —lima bean.	
<i>Lentiles</i> —lentils.	

SAUCES—SAUCES

<i>Béarnaise</i> —melted butter, yolk of egg, meat jelly, and herbs (for red meat).	onions, and mushrooms.
<i>Béchamel</i> —butter, milk, parsley, etc.	<i>Financière</i> —chicken jelly, butter, truffles, and mushrooms.
<i>Bordelaise</i> —butter, olive oil, garlic, and parsley.	<i>Hollandaise</i> —thick sauce of egg yolks, butter, and lemon (for vegetables and eggs).
<i>Chasseur</i> —white wine,	<i>Madère</i> —madeira — wine,

- meat jelly, butter, and flour.
- Maître d'hôtel*—melted butter, herbs, and lemon juice (for fried fish).
- Mousseline*—whipped cream, butter, yolk of egg.
- Mayonnaise*—yolk of egg, olive oil (cold).
- Piquante*—butter, flour, onions, pickles.
- Rémoulade*—mayonnaise with mushrooms, mustard and parsley (cold).
- Tartare*—mayonnaise with pickles and onions (cold).
- Verte*—cress, Tarragon, vinegar, olive oil, onions.

DESSERTS—ENTREMENTS

- Crêpes Suzette*—pancakes cooked at the table in liqueurs, and served flaming.
- Cœur à la crème*—cream cheese mixed with sour cream, served with cream and sugar or berries.
- Coupe Nesselrode*—frozen pudding or fruit soaked in Madeira wine, chestnuts, and whipped cream.
- Condé (pêche or poire)*—fruit in a ring of rice, with raspberry syrup.
- Flambé*—fruit, cooked in liqueurs and served flaming.
- Jubilée*—fruit, especially cherries or strawberries, cooked in syrup and kirsch.
- Gallettes Normandes*—pancakes stuffed with apple-butter and whipped cream.
- Glace*—ice cream.
- Pêche Melba*—peach on ice cream covered with raspberry syrup.
- Pâtisserie*—pastry.
- Poire princesse*—pear in strawberry or raspberry syrup with white

- of egg, almonds, and hazel nuts.
Soufflé—flavoured with chocolate, coffee or liqueurs—order twenty minutes in advance.
Sabayon—light boiled custard made with marsala wine.
Tarte—tartlet of fruit.
Gâteau de riz—rice pudding (*au citron*—with lemon).
Mousse—ice cream.
Omelette au rhum—sweet omelet with rum.
Pomme bonne femme—baked apple.
Crème à l'Anglaise—custard.
Crème caramel—caramel custard.

FRUITS—FRUITS

- Abricot*—apricot.
Amandes vertes—green almonds.
Ananas—pineapple.
Banana—banana.
Cerise—cherry.
Citron—lemon.
Coing—quince.
Fraise—strawberry.
Fraises des bois—wild strawberries.
Framboise—raspberry.
Groseille—currant.
Groseille à maquereau—gooseberry.
Mandarine—tangerine.
Melon—melon.
Mirabelle—plum (large and rosy).
Mûre—blackberry.
Orange—orange.
Nectarine—nectarine (cross between apricot and peach).
Pomme—apple.
Pêche—peach.
Poire—pear.
Prune—plum.
Pruneau—prune.
Raisin—grape.
Raisin sec—raisin.
Reine Claude—greengage plum.
Rhubarbe—rhubarb.

Note: Many raw fruits are eaten with kirsch, or flaming in liqueurs (*flambé*). Berries are eaten with clotted cream (*crème d'Isigny* or *crème fraîche*). Stewed fruits are called *compotes*.

CHEESE—FROMAGE

Roquefort, camembert, cœur à la crème, petit brie, port-de-salut, pont suisse, gruyère.
l'évêque, gorgonzola,

BEVERAGES—BOISSONS

Apéritif — appetizer (see pages 212-13).
Bière—beer.
Café—coffee (*au lait*—with milk; *noir*—black or after-dinner; *café complet*—with rolls, butter and jam).
Chocolat — chocolate (*complet* — with rolls, etc.; *à la crème*—with whipped cream).
Citron pressé—lemonade.
Crème—cream.
Eau — water (*minéral* — mineral; *Evian*—bottled spring water without mineral taste).
Glace—ice.
Infusion—herb tea (see page 213).
Lait—milk.
Tbé—tea (*glacé*—iced).
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No mention of the Eiffel Tower
 Restaurant - even as the
 finest view-point in Paris -
 In the evening light when
 artificial lights take over - the
 city is indeed La Ville Lumière

